No. 134 April '70

MAD IND ®

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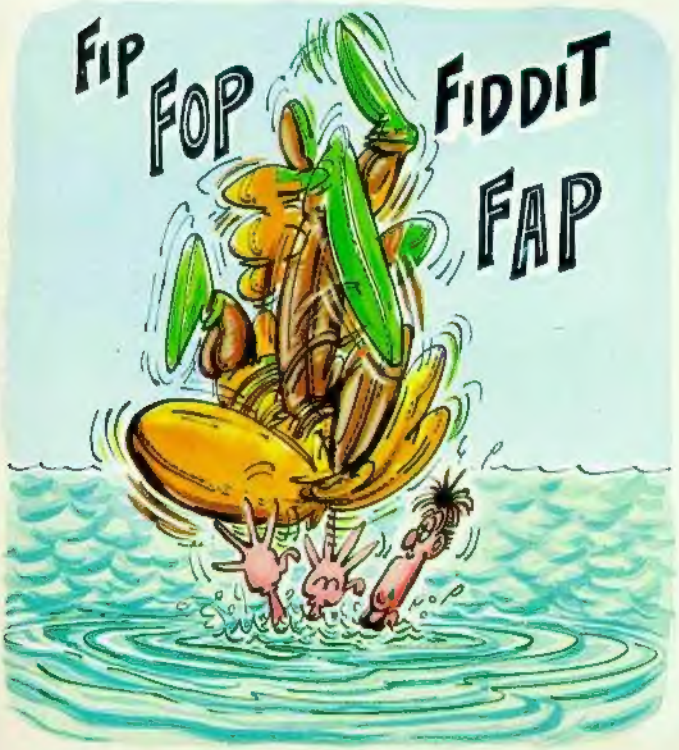
DITCHED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN



NUMBER 134 APRIL 1970

MAD

"Many a TV Pilot is a Kamikaze!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—April, 1970, Vol. 1, No. 134 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 15 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1970 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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AN AFTER-THOUGHT

I have frequently had a burning desire to write a long infuriated letter condemning you for one of your controversial articles. But every time, after I think about them, I realize that your criticisms are justified. So I am writing this letter to commend—not condemn you. Keep up the great work.

K. Cunningham
Jefferson, Kentucky

FOREIGN READER MAIL

Barring the poor spelling and grammar, I found your Letters Department selections in MAD #132 to be of a much higher intellectual calibre than usual. Congratulations!

Henry C. James
Denver, Colorado

Gee, it was all Greek to us!—Ed.

EDUCATIONAL AID

I had to write and tell you how much I enjoy reading MAD. I have been reading it since grade school, and I still enjoy it, even though I am currently working on my Ph. D. in Mathematics. Isn't it amazing what they are accepting into graduate school these days? Anyway, thanks for many years of sheer delight.

H. Cohen Jr.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BLASTING LETTER

When I went out to our letter box, I got the shock of my life. It seems that, somehow, I received some of your mail. (See enclosed photo. Also bill for one new mail box.)

Roger Watts
Nashville, Tennessee

REQUEST FOR A SPOOF

I have decided that you guys are deadbeats. Each issue, I eagerly pick up MAD, and so far you haven't done a spoof of my favorite weekly TV show, "Here Come The Broads".

Bridget Hanley
Hollywood, Calif.

Because there already is a crazy spoof of that show! It's called "Here Come The Brides"!—Ed.

THE ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Your "Academy Awards Show We'd Like To See" was the greatest satire you've done. Congratulations on a perfect art job by Mort Drucker, and on a hilarious writing job by Larry Siegel.

Eliot Jacobowitz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"The Academy Awards Show We'd Like To See" was sickening, gross, in poor taste, badly written and not fit for my garbage can. As a matter of fact, it was exactly like today's movies! Congratulations!

Peter Cole
Baltimore, Maryland

REVOLUTIONARY IDEA

MAD Magazine thrives on exploiting the insensitivity, blindness, fears and neuroses of a warped and frustrated society. America needs to take a fresh look at its entire gamut of values and morals. The winds of change must blow. MAD is the incarnation and epitomy of the falsity of the American way of life. It is the status quo. It is the mirror we can leer at ourselves in—but it shall be shattered soon.

B.K.
State University of N.Y.
at Stonybrook, N.Y.

Hey, guy! Be careful you don't destroy your friends along with your enemies!—Ed.

THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

My thanks and congratulations to Frank Jacobs and Don Martin for their satirical, but unfortunately true look at the commercialized "spirit of Christmas". (*The Month Before Christmas, or a Non-Scheduled Visit From St. Nicholas* — MAD #132) As a retail sales clerk, I say "Hooray" to Martin and Jacobs for their insight and courage in depicting the shameful practices of Department Stores at Christmas!"

Wayne L. Tilden
Covina, California

It is worth my time to sit down and write to you about your article, "The Month Before Christmas" because I believe it is the first time that anybody or any magazine has told the real truth about Christmas greed and corruption. MAD Magazine should get a Pulitzer Prize for "Truth-Telling". Thank you for a sensational, eye-opening, realistic, artistic, poetic, and I might add, brilliant piece of work.

Steve Taylor
Kerman, California

Thank you for exposing one of the most disgusting facets of our "American Way of Life" — The Commercialization of Christmas. Please continue to publish articles like this and perhaps the people of our country may see what they are being led into.

Paul Pliesch
Torrence, California

Great! They ought to hang a copy in the window of every Department store in America.

Steve Agnew
(No Relation To The VP)
Great Falls, Montana

CONDEMNER REPORTS

As a Home Economist, I used to test products for a well-known magazine. Your "Condemner Reports" is, beside being hysterically funny, extremely close to the TRUTH!

Marie Cleasley, B.S., M.A.
San Francisco, California

MAD's version of the typical consumer magazine, "Condemner Reports" is rated as "NOT ACCEPTABLE"! It was actually funny! This is not in the usual MAD Tradition.

Dave Williams
Iron Mountain, Michigan

A MAD LOOK AT PROTEST DEMONSTRATIONS

Sergio Aragones's MAD Look at "Protest Demonstrations" was a brilliant addition to your January issue. When it comes to choice satire, you really know how to picket!

Don Mayberger
Prairie Village, Kansas

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE TELEPHONE COMPANY

Since I consider myself eminent in the field of Telephone Company Relations, having spent six months trying to order a simple piece of equipment, I was greatly overjoyed to see MAD, the crusading friend of the people, exposing the Phone Company for what it really is. A copy of "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At The Telephone Company", along with this letter, is being sent to one of Ma Bell's finest . . . the guy at the Detroit office I suffered with. Keep up your crusade for the downtrodden, MAD, and may all the Phone Company's trunk lines melt in a river of solder

Tony Russomanno
Operations Manager
WAYN Radio
Wayne University
Detroit, Michigan

Although you covered many grievous faults, you neglected to mention the trouble a person has to undergo to finally convince the Telephone Company that all he wants is an ordinary black phone in his place of residence. It was quite frustrating to spend over an hour convincing one of their salespeople that I did not need a chartreuse Princess extension phone installed in my one-room basement apartment.

Paul Lister
Manhattan, Kansas

Although your article was delightful, you neglected to expose the Telephone Company's greatest attribute: its foresight! After it had me spend five months routing 2600 cables through a different central office, the building that housed it was condemned. How about that!?

John Costello
Trunk Assignor
The New York Telephone Co.

Your piece on the Telephone Company was not very funny. It was the literal truth. But, while other readers may feel that you guys are courageous to print such a piece, I'm not handing out any medals. You probably figured that they can't screw up your service any worse than it is now. Which is a dangerous delusion. Let me tell you about what happened to me . . .

Jack Scott
Brooklyn, New York

RECORD-BREAKER

In the last four years, I have not missed one copy of MAD. And in all that time, I can't say that I have seen one article that has not had something to say of importance.

Marc Pollack
Spring Valley, New York

Yeah, but how about this letter?—Ed.

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Yep, here we go again with another attempt to reduce our overhead by effecting a clearance of 13 feet of shelves now jammed with full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. These portraits are suitable for framing or wrapping fish. You can get yours by mailing 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27, or $4.00 for 81 (which should just about clear our shelves) to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

EVERYBODY'S GAWKIN' DEPT.

The following article is rated "G"...which means it's Okay for General Audiences. However, the following article is a MAD satire of an "X"-rated movie . . . which means the movie is dirty, and Children Under 16 are Not Permitted to see it. Which further means that if you are under 16, you couldn't possibly have seen the movie, and therefore you cannot possibly enjoy this MAD satire

MIDNIGHT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

of it. So use your dopey, under-16 head for a change! Don't laugh at this article if your parents are around, or you'll give it away that you lied about your age and sneaked in to see the movie! (Incidentally, if your parents laugh at this article, it means they must have seen the movie, and you can ask them what in heck they were doing, going to see a dirty movie anyhow!) Here, then, is...

WOWBOY

WRITER: STAN HART

Hey, driver! How many more hours to New York City?
Twenty-four!
Gosh! I'm all out of flash-backs! Could I use one of yours?
Golly, gee, New York is such a heartless city! I wonder why nobody wants to help this man?!
Hey, mister! Are you okay? What's your name?
John Lindsay—and you must be from out of town!
Hey, Honey! How about we go up to your place for some wild huggin' an' kissin'?
Get lost!
Hmmm! Next time, I think I'll try the direct approach!
Er—uh—could I ask you a question, Ma'am?
Sure, Texas! Fire away!
Do you always do this with the television set on?
Yep! That way, if you're not a great lover, I'm not bored!
Well? What do you think?
Will you turn up the sound?
HELLO! HELLO!
Let's see—that's ten assorted hugs at $1.00 each . . . an' seven juicy kisses at $1.50 each . . . an' two hickies at $3.00 each! Which means you owe me $26.50!
What?! You expect me to pay that??
Yes, Ma'am! Y'know . . . chapsticks don't grow on trees!
What happened?
You must've done somethin'!
I dunno! She threw me out!
All I did was charge her $3.00 each for two hickies!
$3.00!?? Dummy!! She's a New Yorker! She gets hickies WHOLESALE!!

Hey, Rube! What are you supposed to be?

What do I look like? I'm a great lover! I drive women crazy! I'm gonna make a fortune!

Y'know what, Joe Cluck? You need a promoter! An' I, Ratface Ratfink, just happen to be the greatest promoter in New York City!

No kiddin'?

Listen, y'know the Brooklyn Bridge . . . ?

Well, this morning, I closed a deal on it!

You sold the Brooklyn Bridge?!?

No, I BOUGHT it!

Wow!!

ATTENTION ALL LADIES
Need Loving?
TRY
Joe Cluck
KISSING & HUGGING
2 LIPS 2
No Waiting!

I can make you famous, Joe! You'll be the toast of the nation . . .

I wanna thank the Academy for this honor! An' I wanna thank my two lips, without whose help, this would never have been possible!

You'll be immortalized in cement outside Grauman's Theater . . .

Gee! My lip-prints . . . right next to Trigger's hoof-prints!

You could even be President! There'd be no stopping you . . .

Me, Joey! Kiss ME!! Don't waste those marvelous lips on KIDS! What do they know!?

I'm gonna introduce you to a guy who's looking for a talent like you! Just gi'me $20.00 for my trouble!

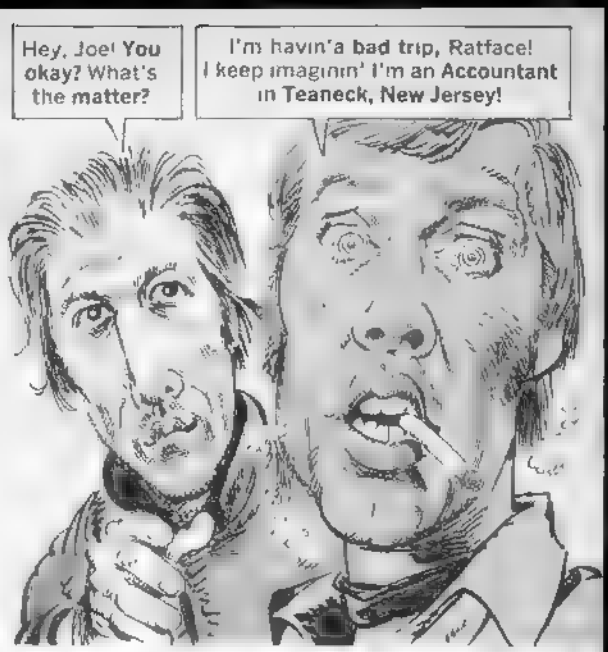
Gee! $20.00 is a lot of money!

If you're gonna think small, Joe, you're gonna stay small!

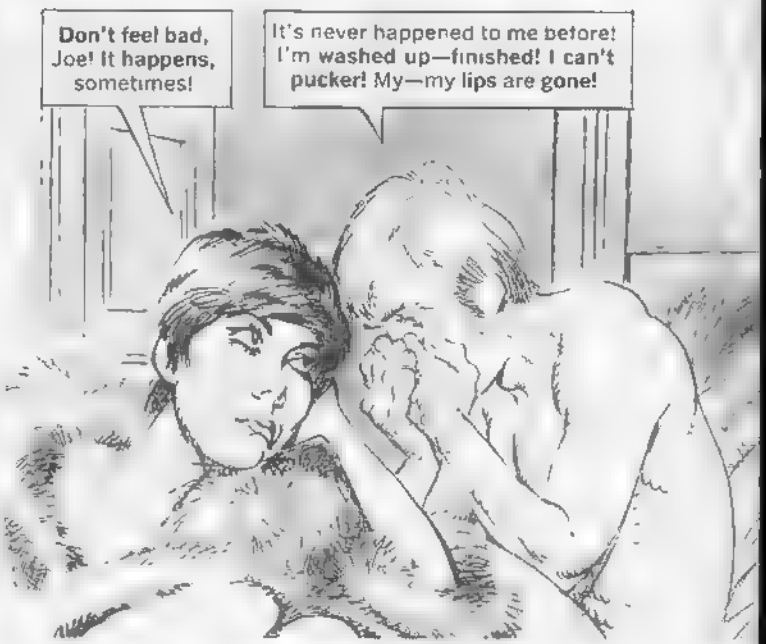
Why, only yesterday I shelled out TWICE that much for a downpayment on The Statue of Liberty!

So you want to save lonely, unhappy women from leading fruitless, desperate, barren lives?
Yep! I shor do!
Well, I've got just the assignment for you . . .
B-But . . . I don't think you quite understand!
Shut up and hit that Bass Drum! I thought you wanted to do God's work!
Well, not exactly! What I really had in mind was goin' into business for myself!
Look, Selma! They're filming another movie with authentic backgrounds right here on the streets of New York City!
Just stare right into the camera naturally!
Hey, mister—I'll give you a dollar if you'll go into this movie and sit with me and hold my hand! I'm—I'm scared of Horror Pictures!
Me, too, kid . . . but, okay! I need the money!
NOW PLAYING
Gee, I hate all the hitting and stomping and punching and violence and bloodshed you see in movie theaters these days!
But there wasn't any of that stuff in the picture we just saw!
I'm not talking about in the picture! I'm talking about in HERE . . . when you find out I don't have the dollar I promised you!
I know it's a crummy-lookin' joint, Joe—Cough! Cough!—but I'm only stayin' here till I can get to Miami—Cough! Cough!
Hey, ain't you worried about that cough, Ratface?
Yeah, dammit! It's getting BETTER! An' just when I'm up for a part in an "Anti-Smoking Commercial"!
Hey, handsome! How would you like to go to a party?
What kinda party?
A "pot" party!
Naw! those Tupperware affairs are a big bore!
Boy! He's some dummy!

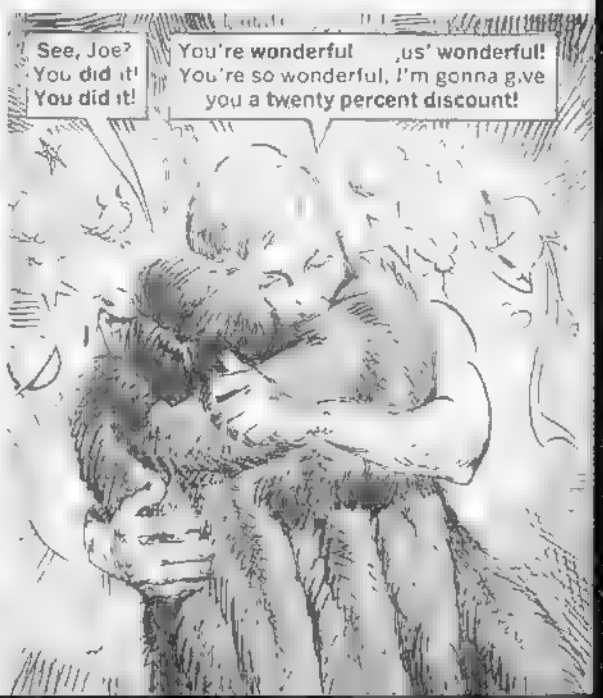
Gee, Ratface, I never saw a party like this before!
It's a cinch you don't go to the movies very often! There's a psychedelic drug scene in EVERY "NOW" FILM these days!


Hey, Joe! You okay? What's the matter?
I'm havin'a bad trip, Ratface! I keep imaginin' I'm an Accountant in Teaneck, New Jersey!

That's the deal! Take it or leave it! My boy, here, will give you your choice of one from Column A and two from Column B for $18.75. And we'll throw in one Fox Trot with an occasional dip for FREE!
Okay, it's a deal! I'll take it! Let's go!


Don't feel bad, Joe! It happens, sometimes!
It's never happened to me before! I'm washed up—finished! I can't pucker! My—my lips are gone!

Think of pickles!
Think of lemons!
Think of pickled lemons!


See, Joe? You did it! You did it!
You're wonderful ,us' wonderful! You're so wonderful, I'm gonna give you a twenty percent discount!

I mean it, Gladys! He's fantastic! But you'd better hurry up and make up your mind! I've almost got him booked solid! Wednesday, he kisses the Ladies Bridge Club! Thursday, he gives hickies to the PTA! And Friday, he catering a Wedding! He's scheduled to blow in the ear of the entire Groom's side!

Gee, I can't stop thinkin' of them pickled lemons!

I'm sick, Joe! I gotta get to Miami! I'll die if I don't!

I'll get the money, Ratface—somehow!

Listen, Joey! Will you do me a favor? When we're in Miami Beach, will you call me by my right name . . . Ruggerio Ruccici!?

I'll do you a bigger favor, Ratface! When we're in Miami Beach, I'll call you by an even better name . . . Irving Weinstein!!

Son, I'll give you $20 if you'll just sit there and stay awake while I talk to you!

$20?! Just to listen?!

That's right! Y'see, I'm an Economics Teacher, and I want someone, just once, to stay awake while I'm lecturing!

Now, the Mathusian Theory . . .

If we consider Gresham's Law . . .

The fallacy of Keynsian Economics is simply . . .

YOU SADIST . . . EXPECTING ANYONE TO STAY AWAKE DURING THAT!!

Stop! Wait! You haven't heard about the Federal Reserve System!!

I gotta get to Miami, Joe!

Just hang on, Ratface! We'll be there soon! Here's the bus!

It's YOU again! Hey, I thought of some great flash-backs for you!

Are we almost there, Joe? Are we almost in Miami?

Yes! We're almost . . . OH-OH!!

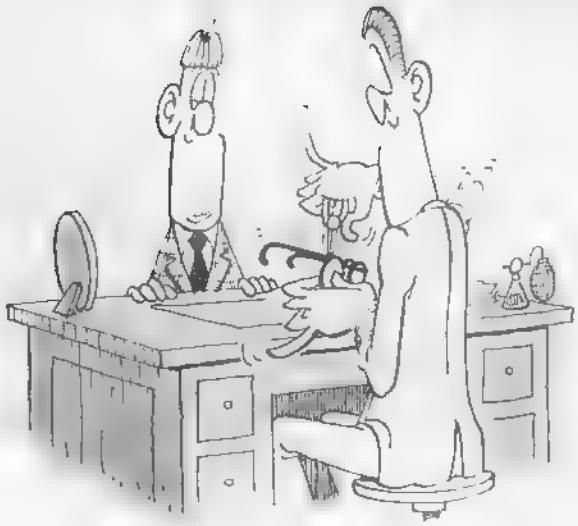
What's the matter?

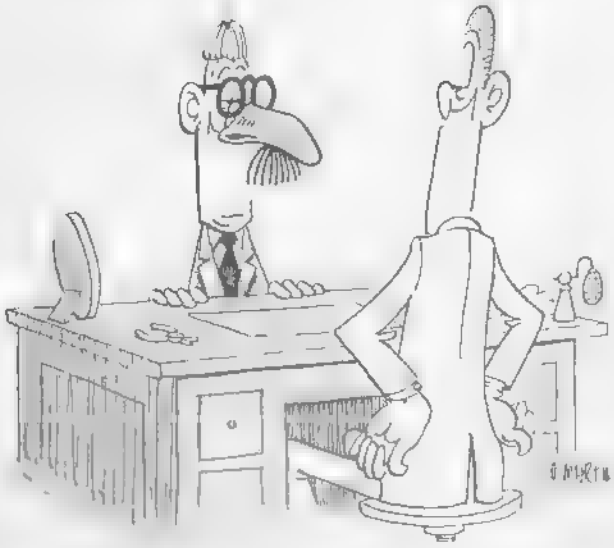
I don't think we're gonna make it to Miami, Ratface!

Why not, Joe??

The bus s being hijacked to Cuba!!

THE FITTING



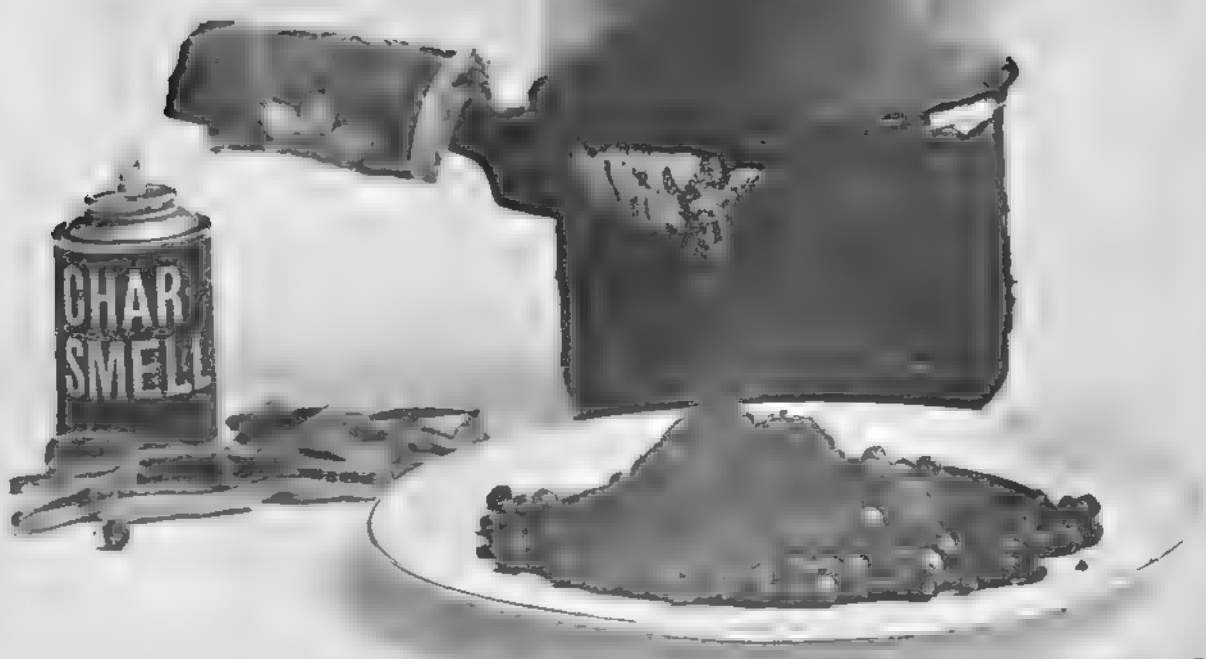


DISH-ENCHANTMENT DEPT.

When "Frozen Foods" were first introduced, the innovation was greeted by housewives with wild cries of joy. But all that has changed. Today, "Frozen Foods" are looked upon as a housewife's "cop-out"! Today, if a housewife serves her family "Frozen TV Dinners" or other Frozen Dishes, it means she's lazy and she lacks imagination. In short, when the family sees "Frozen Foods"

MAD'S FRO
THAT FAKE-

MAD'S FROZEN
BURNT VEGETABLES



CONTENTS: One pound of burned carrots-and-peas, plus one packet of carrot-scrapings and empty pea pods, plus one miniature spray can of "CHAR-SMELL".

INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw burned carrots-and-peas and heat in saucepan for 5 minutes. Sprinkle carrot scrapings and empty pea pods liberally around sink, spray "Char-Smell" around kitchen to simulate odor of burning, and serve family while sobbing: "—after all my hard work!"

on the table, it knows that dear old Mom has spent the afternoon watching the "Boob Tube" or playing "Mah-Jongg" or picketing the local School Board. However, thanks to MAD's inventive genius, we can now offer Mom a solution. Now she can enjoy the convenience of Frozen Foods and still maintain the status of a woman who does her own cooking! All she has to do is start using

ZEN FOODS -OUT FRESH

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD WRITER: SY REIT

MAD'S FROZEN "LEFTOVERS" MEAL

CONTENTS: 4 dry chicken wings, 3 partially-gnawed drumsticks, 2 slices of soggy pot roast, 1 over-cooked lamb chop, assorted ham fragments, half of a baked potato, and 1 shriveled tomato.

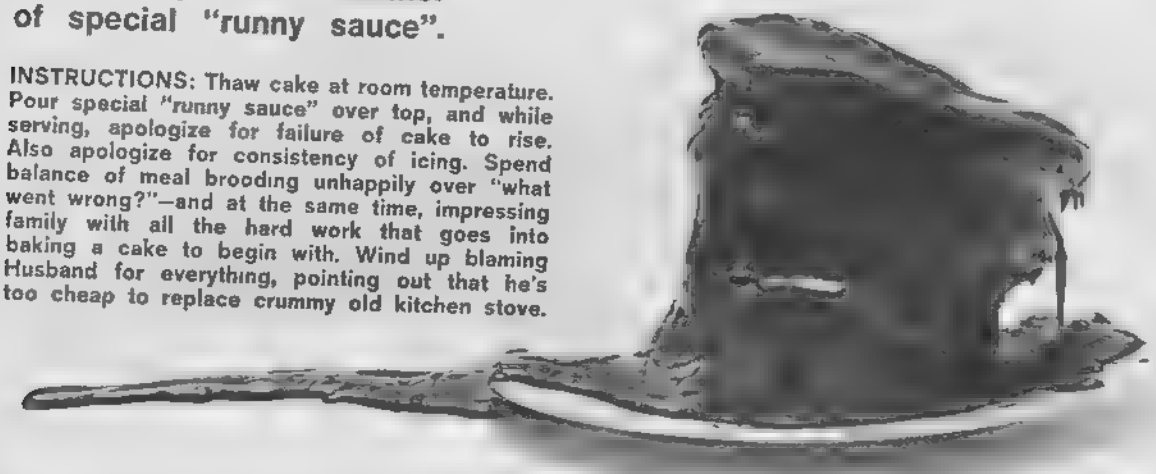
DIRECTIONS: Heat contents of package in 350° oven for 15-20 minutes, remove and place on platter, and bring to table while making cheery comments like: "Waste not . . . want not!" or "It's a sin to throw out perfectly good food!" or "Think of all the people starving in India!"

NOTE: TOP OFF THIS DELICIOUS "LEFTOVERS MEAL" WITH A PACKAGE OF "LEFTOVERS DESSERT". CONTAINS TWO SLICES OF CONGEALED PEACH PIE, 1 STALE "HOMEBAKED" BLUEBERRY MUFFIN, HALF A CUPCAKE, 3 BROKEN ASSORTED COOKIES, AND A CUP OF PARTIALLY-EATEN CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

MAD'S FROZEN NON-RISING "HOMEBAKED" CAKE

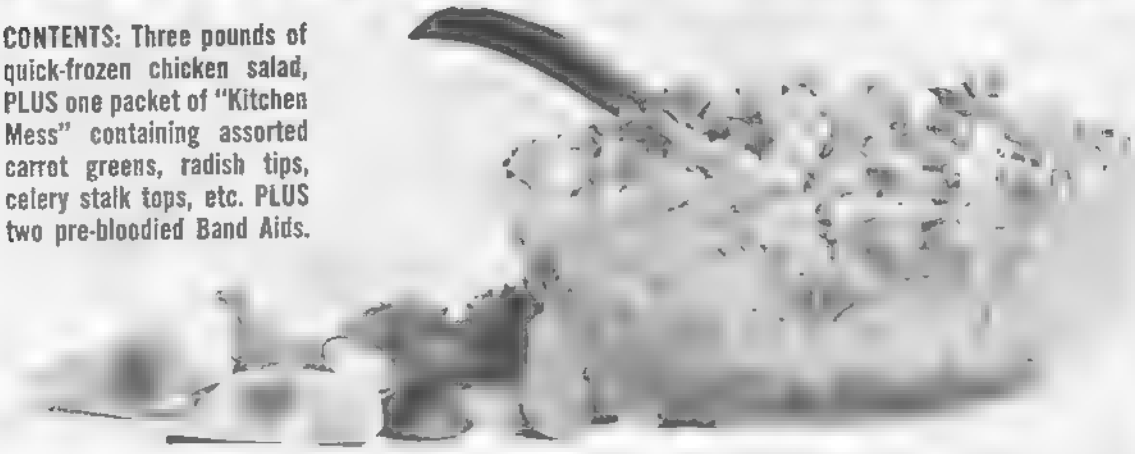
CONTENTS: One three-layer chocolate cake, guaranteed to remain flat and soggy; and one plastic container of special "runny sauce".

INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw cake at room temperature. Pour special "runny sauce" over top, and while serving, apologize for failure of cake to rise. Also apologize for consistency of icing. Spend balance of meal brooding unhappily over "what went wrong?"—and at the same time, impressing family with all the hard work that goes into baking a cake to begin with. Wind up blaming Husband for everything, pointing out that he's too cheap to replace crummy old kitchen stove.



MAD'S FROZEN "NEVER AGAIN" CHICKEN SALAD

CONTENTS: Three pounds of quick-frozen chicken salad, PLUS one packet of "Kitchen Mess" containing assorted carrot greens, radish tips, celery stalk tops, etc. PLUS two pre-bloodied Band Aids.

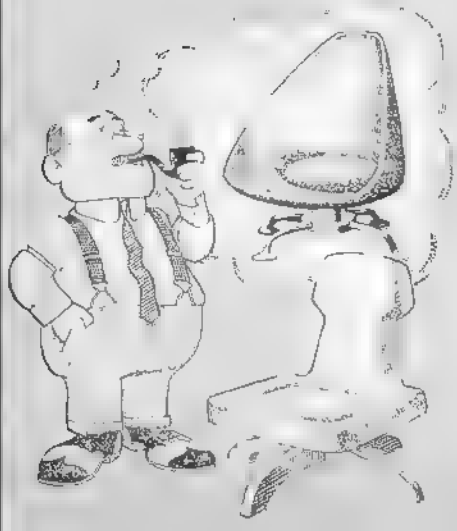


INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw chicken salad at room temperature and place in salad bowl. Scatter contents of "Kitchen Mess" packet all over counter tops to give the impression of lengthy preparation. Place pre-bloodied Band Aids on fingers to simulate chopping cuts, and serve salad while complaining about "...all the work involved!" Repeat "Never again! Never again!" frequently. For added effect, at end of meal, look at empty salad bowl and say something like "Boy, you work all day to make it, and it goes in two minutes!"

THERE'S NO STOOL LIKE AN OLD STOOL DEPT.

PROGRESS

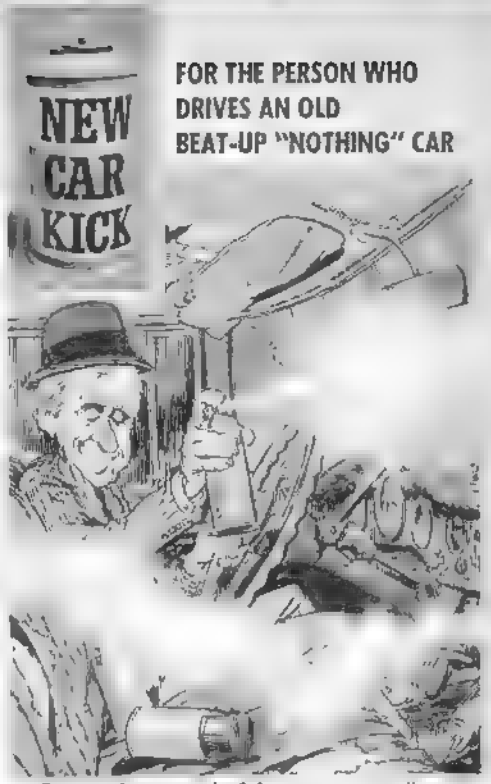
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: MAX BRANDEL



PSSSST! DEPT.

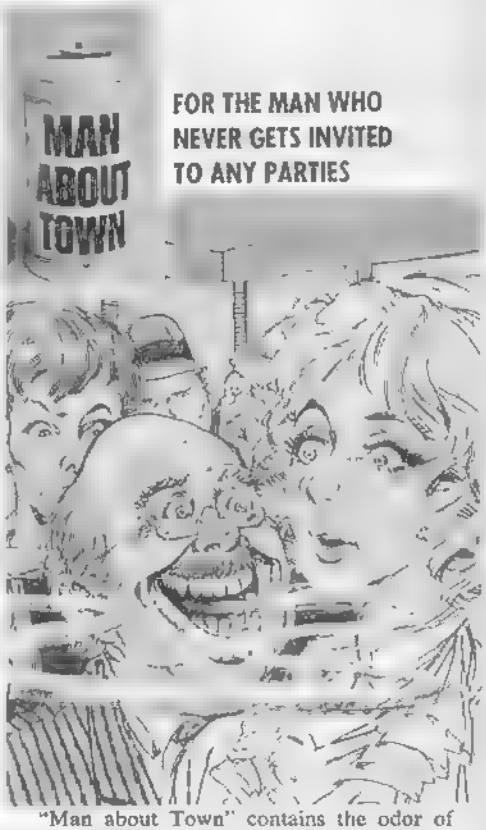
Today, we have deodorant sprays to eliminate every type of odor. But what about the odors we don't want to eliminate? In fact, what about the odors we'd really like to have around if only we could? You'll see what we mean as MAD presents an assortment of

SPRAY CAN SPRAYS WE'D LIKE TO SEE



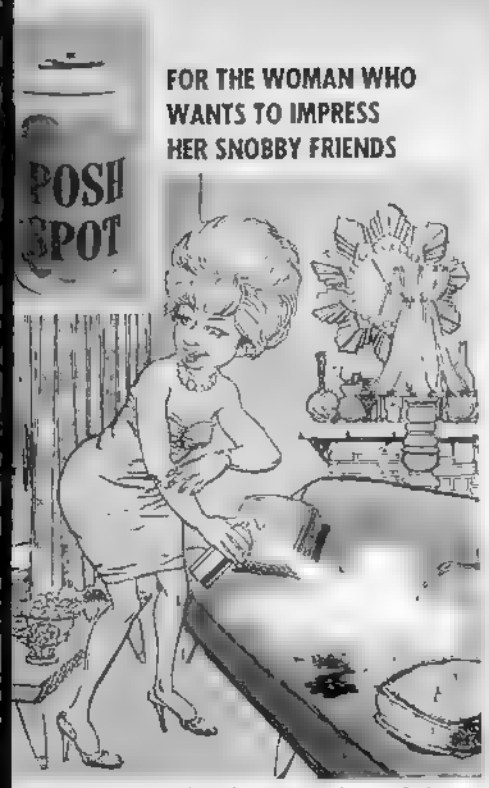
FOR THE PERSON WHO DRIVES AN OLD BEAT-UP "NOTHING" CAR

Spray that wonderful, nauseating "new car" aroma inside your old heap, close your eyes, and you'll swear you're in a brand new Chevy, Ford or Plymouth. For Cadillacs, Lincolns or Imperials get the "Giant-Size" can. WARNING: Open eyes before you start to drive!



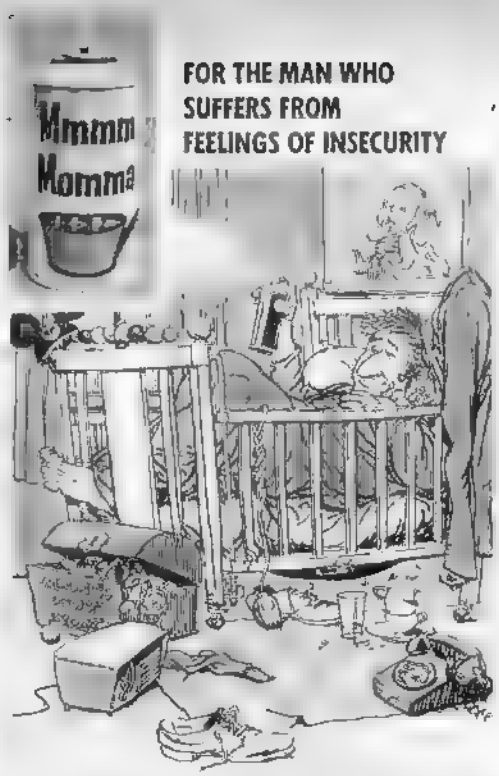
FOR THE MAN WHO NEVER GETS INVITED TO ANY PARTIES

"Man about Town" contains the odor of "morning-after mouth"—a trace of too much Scotch, too much food, and too many cigarettes. Talk to people with confidence. Your breath "tattles" on you that you've been a "naughty boy".



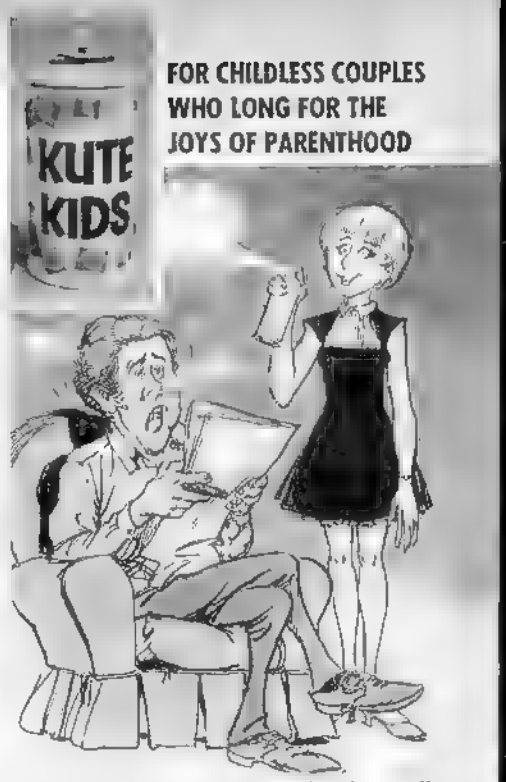
FOR THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO IMPRESS HER SNOBBY FRIENDS

Spray "Posh Spot" on couches, chairs, carpets and drapes. "Posh Spot" dries to form clearly visible stains that smell exactly like vintage Champagne and imported Caviar. "Posh Spot" also comes in "Scotch and Hors d'Oeuvres", "Burgandy and Cheese Fondue", and "Pot".



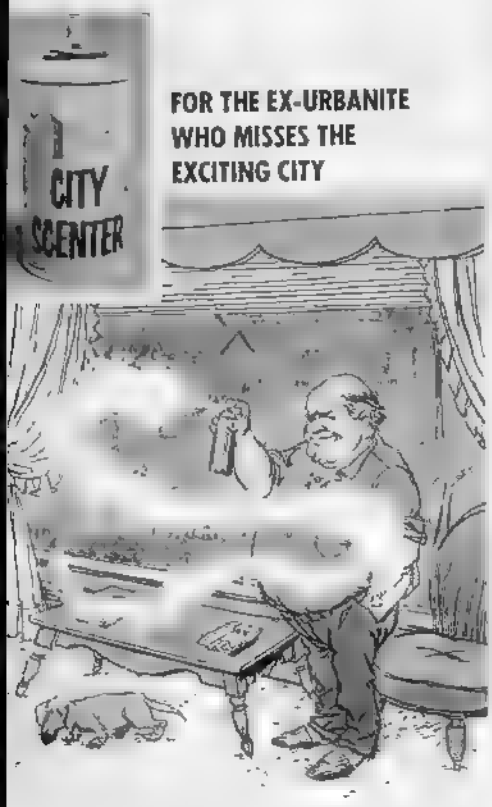
FOR THE MAN WHO SUFFERS FROM FEELINGS OF INSECURITY

"Mmmm Momma" contains the delicious aromas of chicken soup, pot roast and detergent with ammonia. Just spray it around your lonely apartment, and you will be convinced that Mom is back in the kitchen again, cooking, cleaning, and taking care of her "little feller".



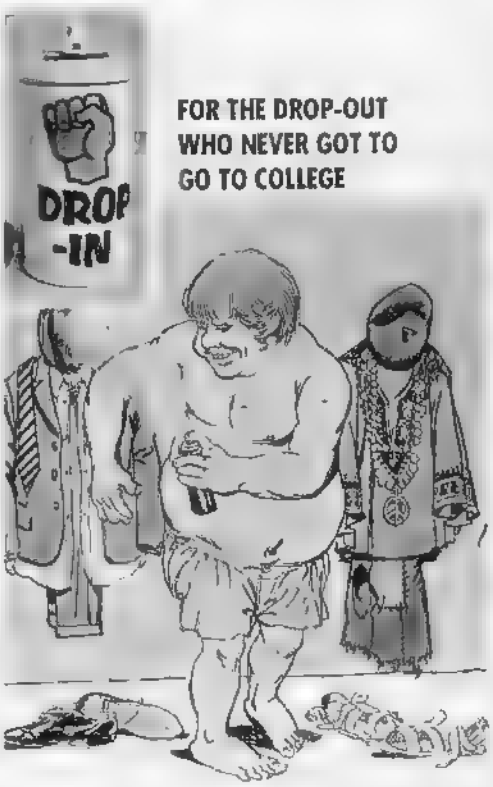
FOR CHILDLESS COUPLES WHO LONG FOR THE JOYS OF PARENTHOOD

"Kute Kids" supplies authentic smells—like wet diapers sitting in the can on a hot Summer day, boiled-over formula, rancid strained spinach, bibs soured by spit-ups, and rubber pants full of b.m.'s—all the delights of a new baby without the crying and night feedings.



FOR THE EX-URBANITE WHO MISSES THE EXCITING CITY

"City Scenter" brings those nostalgic smells of the great Metropolis that you miss so much right into your new suburban home. Exhaust fumes, factory smoke, garbage and raw sewage floating on the river are at your finger tips.



FOR THE DROP-OUT WHO NEVER GOT TO GO TO COLLEGE

Now you can pass as a college student. And if you *are* a college student—only you're "chicken", now you can pass as an Activist. "Drop-In" contains the subtle aroma of Mace, and for status, there's nothing like a trace of Mace.

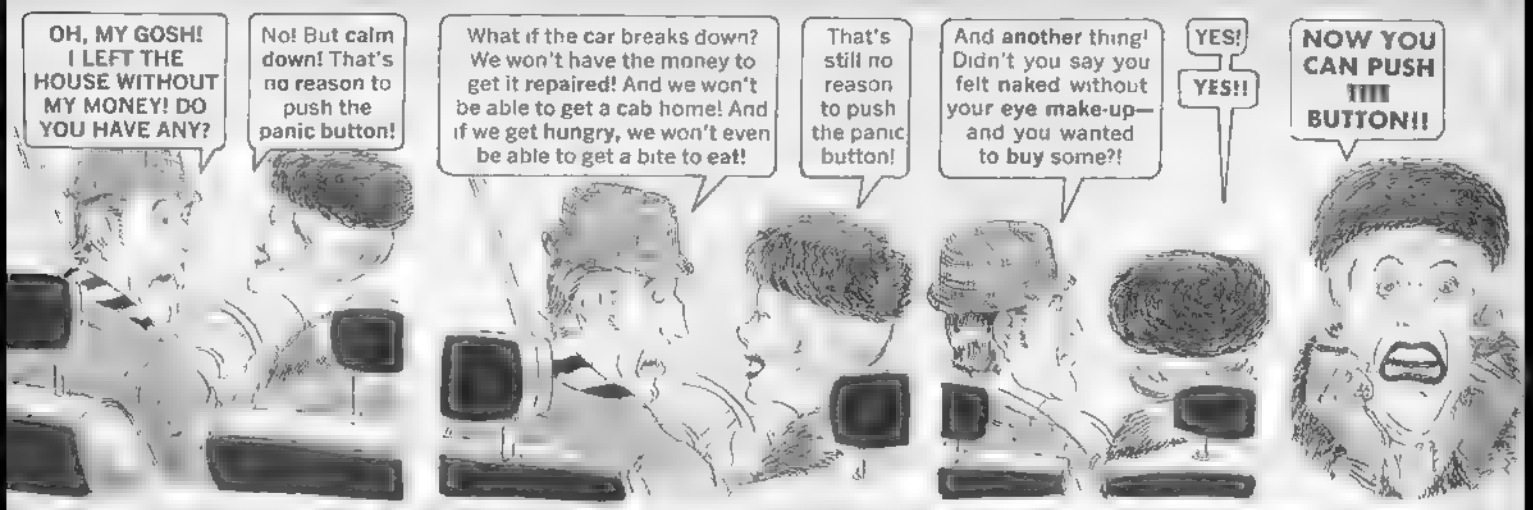
FOR THE SMALL APARTMENT DWELLER WHO CANNOT HAVE A DOG

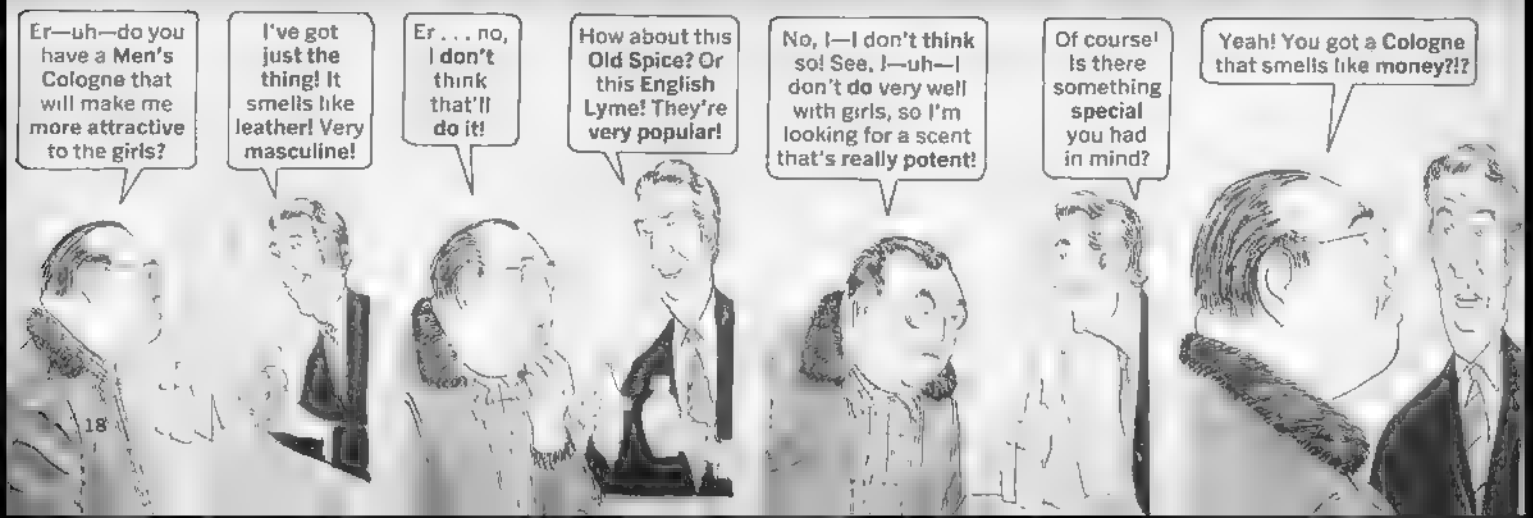
Now you can enjoy that warm, wonderful, sickening "doggie smell", even if your apartment is too small for a pet. Also great for spraying on the soles of your shoes to give you the feeling you've been walking in exciting New York City.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MO





ONEY

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

So you see, ladies and gentlemen, our **Charity** is a **worthy** one! Do I hear any pledges for **contributions . . .?**

I, Burton Liffland, pledge **five dollars!**

I, Seymour Gladstone, pledge **ten dollars!**

I, William Furd, pledge **twenty-five dollars!**

That gentleman holding his hand up! Do **you have** a pledge?

Yes! I **Gilbert Charles Kreebish, of 245 Haventon Road, Busby, Ohio,** pledge **FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS . . .**

. . . ANONYMOUSLY!!

I'm so **thirsty,** my mouth feels like **dry cotton!**

There's a **Coke machine** over there!

All I've got is a **quarter!** With my luck, it'll be **out of order** and it won't even give me back my **change!**

CLINK

Oh, you're such a **pessimist!** You're always looking at the **dark side** of things!

WOW! LOOK AT ALL THAT MONEY POURING OUT!!

CLINK CLINK CLINK

See?! I TOLD you it would be out of order!!

Oh, good! There it is! For a minute I thought I'd forgotten my **"mad money"!**

Your **mad money?** You mean you brought **money** along in case we have an **argument** and you have to get home **by yourself?** That sounds like you're **EXPECTING** a fight!

Not at all! It's standard procedure for any girl on a date!

Any girl, **my foot!** It's your way of saying that I'm **belligerent** and I **start fights easily!**

You're **wrong!** I didn't mean a **thing** by it! And I really don't like the tone of **voice** you're using!

How would **you know WHAT** tone of voice I'm using! You're probably **tone deaf,** you **dumb broad!!**

I'll bet yuh a million dollars that the **next car** to come aroun' the corner is a **station wagon!**

Listen! I'm a **bettin' man!** If we're gonna bet, let's make it a **billion trillion zillion dollars!**

Okay! **You're on!**

Shake!!

HAH!! IT'S A STATION WAGON! PAY UP!!

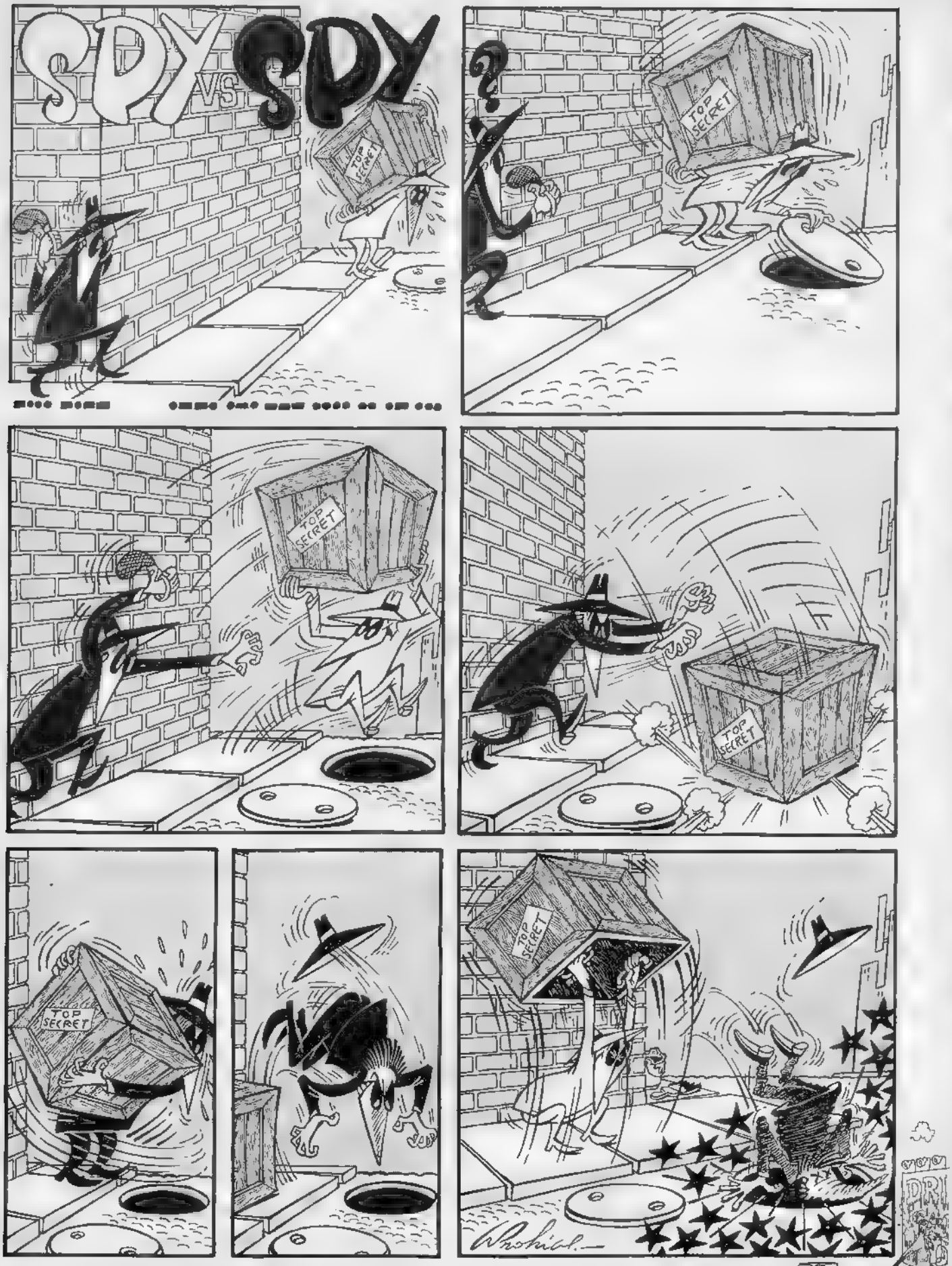
I'm a little **short** this week!

I'll have to **owe you!**

Madam, that dress is YOU!
It is? Then I'll take it!
Very good! May I have your charge plate, please?
That won't be necessary! I'll pay cash!
CASH?! Y-you mean m-money?! Oh! Uh—nobody showed me how to take cash . . . only charge!
Gee, to tell you the truth, lady, that dress exaggerates your hips a little too much!
There was a time when it was easy going to a restaurant! A tip was 10% of the check, and it was simple to figure! Now, it's 15% . . . and who can figure 15% of—say—$4.75!?
May I take your order, please?
I'll have a Cottage Cheese Salad and coffee!
Let's see—a Cottage Cheese Salad and coffee! Hmmm! I'll have a Liverwurst on rye!
Liverwurst!? But you HATE Liverwurst!!
I know! But with what you ordered, and the Liverwurst, it comes to exactly $4.00!
And 15% of $4.00 I can figure!
That does it! Stop the car! I want to go home!
No wonder you carry "mad money"! You just can't get along with anybody!
You're spoiled rotten, that's what you are! You don't know how good you've got it! I'm far too generous with you!
You've come to expect things! You take things for granted! Like your allowances, for example! There you are, like clockwork every Monday, with your palms out, asking for it!
And here you are, like clockwork every Thursday, going through the same routine, asking to borrow some of it back!
Oops! I dropped a penny! Pick it up!
Forget it! With the value a penny has today, it isn't worth bending down and picking up!
A penny saved is a penny earned! Pennies add up! Who are you to throw money away! THAT'S why we'll never be rich!
All right! All right! I'll pick it up!
It's a slipped disc! You'll have to be hospitalized in traction for a while, then wear a brace and undergo treatments! I'm afraid it will run into some money!
Don't worry, Doc! We can afford it! We're rich! My wife can give you a penny as a down payment!

I don't believe it! Look how cheap everything is in this country! There's an Omega watch and it's at least fifty dollars less here than back in the U.S.! What a saving!
DUTY FREE
And that pair of binoculars! We'd save at least thirty dollars on that! And this transistor radio! We'd save at least ten dollars on it!
Okay! We'll take these items!
Here's your bill, sir!
Well? What do you think?
I think we just went BROKE saving money!!
Hey, Milton! Be a good guy and lend me some money!
Shakespeare said, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be!"
Yeah, but the Bible says, "If he asks for your coat, give him your cloak as well!"
Okay! So I'll lend you my coat!
Boy, that Milton sure is a good guy!
Why?! He didn't lend you any money!
No! But there's $3.75 in his coat!
Hold it a minute while I put a dime in this gambling machine!
That's not a gambling machine! That's a parking meter!
Don't tell me! It's a gambling machine!
But it's not! The City is simply renting you parking space for ten cents an hour . . .
And what happens if I don't get back here in an hour?
Then you pay a two dollar fine for overtime parking!
SEE!? The City is betting me two dollars to my dime that I won't get back here in an hour! That's GAMBLING!!
It's really quite simple to become a millionaire! All you have to do is remember ONE PRINCIPLE:
"It takes money to make money!"
So if you know so much, why aren't YOU a millionaire?!
I can't afford it!!

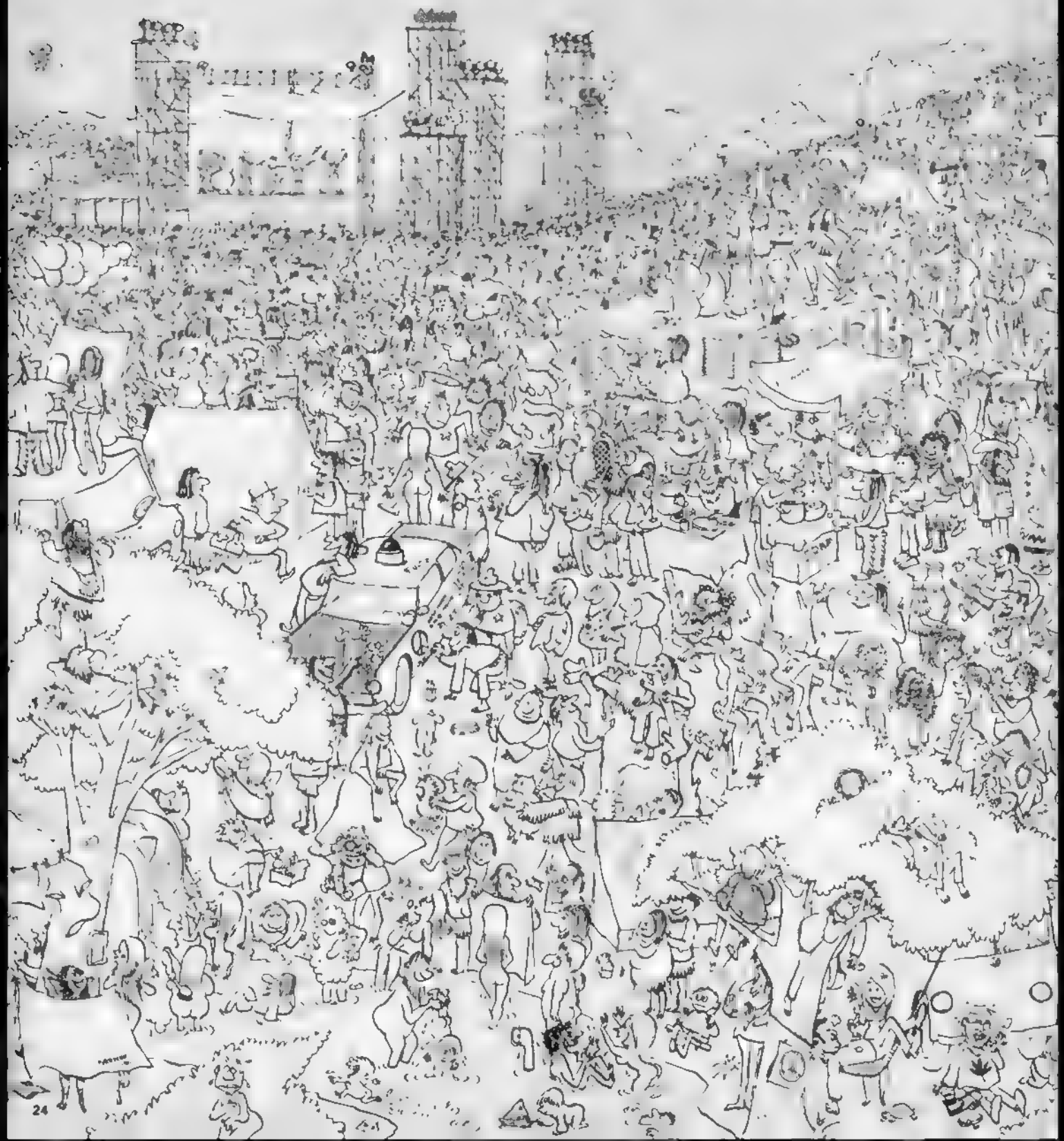
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS DEPT.

I REMEMBER,

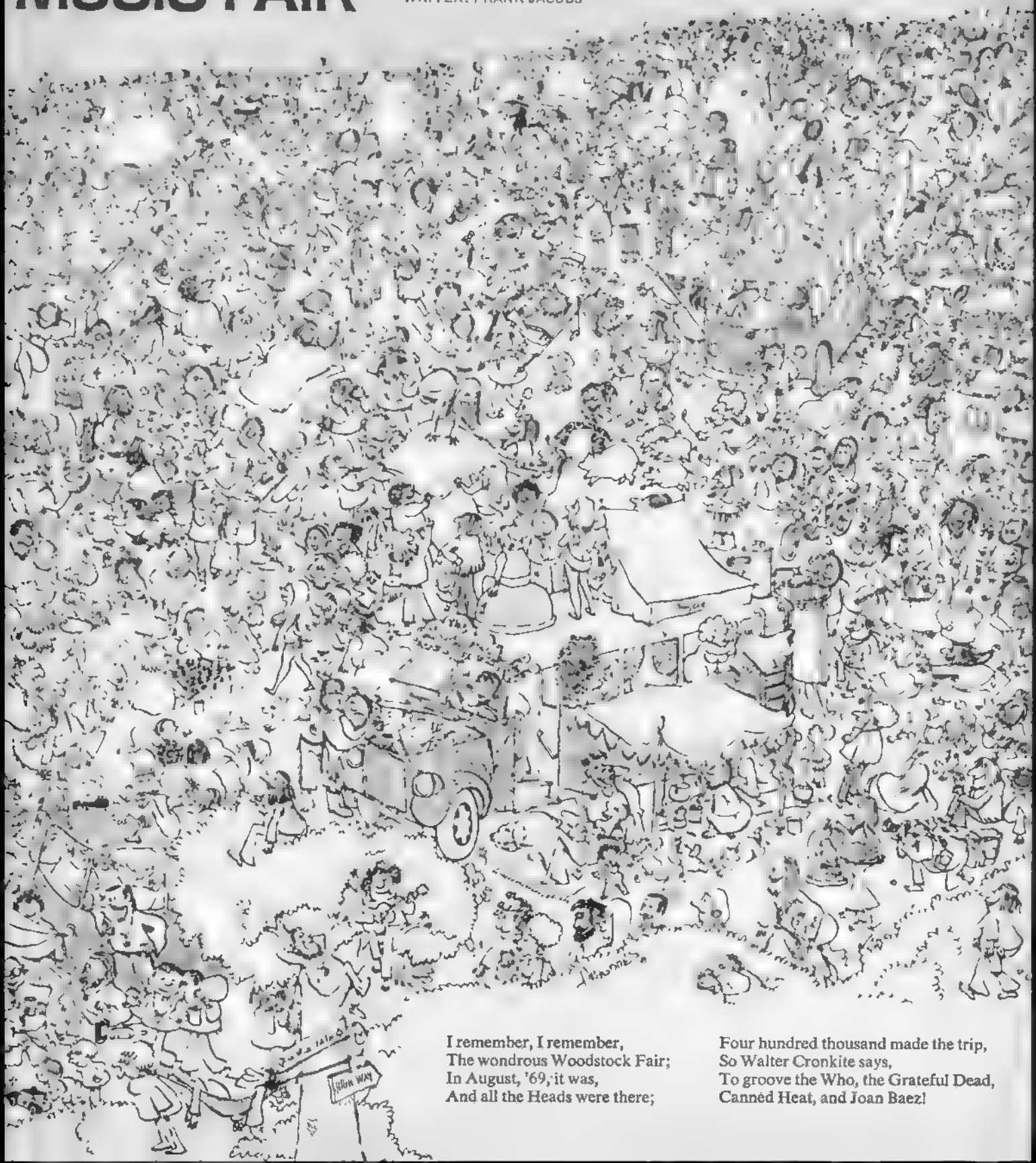
THE WONDROUS WOODSTOCK



I REMEMBER

MUSIC FAIR

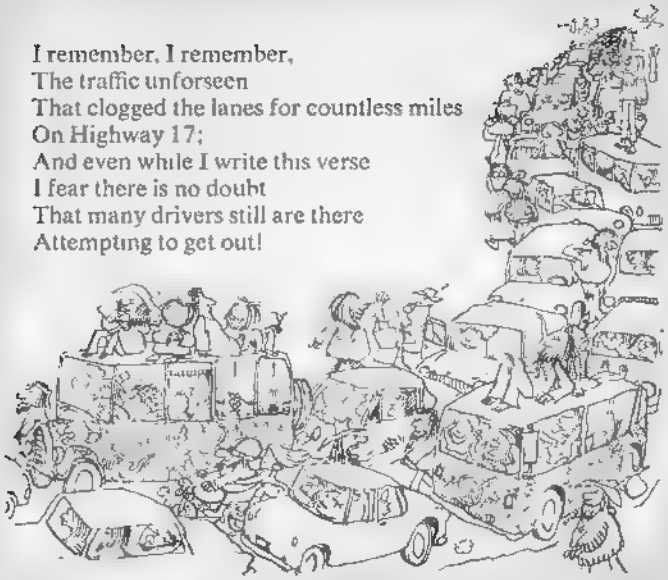
ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



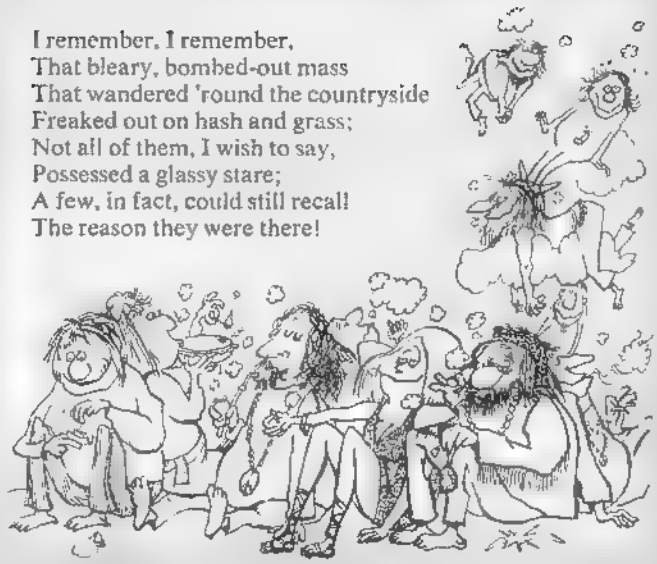
I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
In August, '69, it was,
And all the Heads were there;

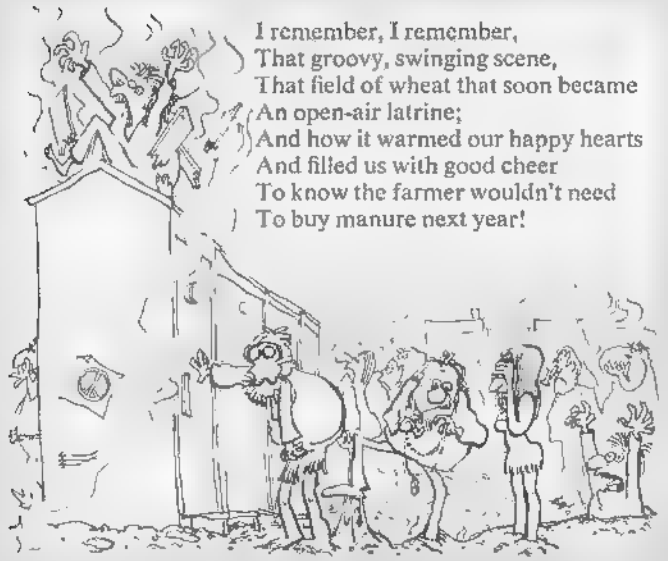
Four hundred thousand made the trip,
So Walter Cronkite says,
To groove the Who, the Grateful Dead,
Canned Heat, and Joan Baez!

I remember, I remember,
The traffic unforseen
That clogged the lanes for countless miles
On Highway 17;
And even while I write this verse
I fear there is no doubt
That many drivers still are there
Attempting to get out!



I remember, I remember,
That bleary, bombed-out mass
That wandered 'round the countryside
Freaked out on hash and grass;
Not all of them, I wish to say,
Possessed a glassy stare;
A few, in fact, could still recall
The reason they were there!

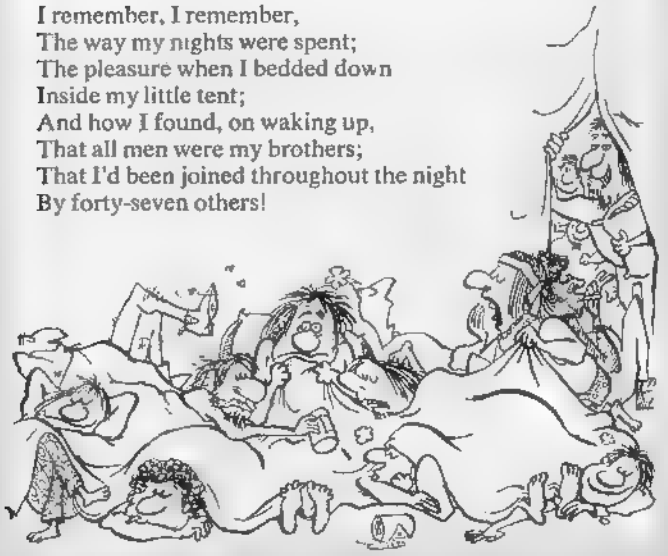




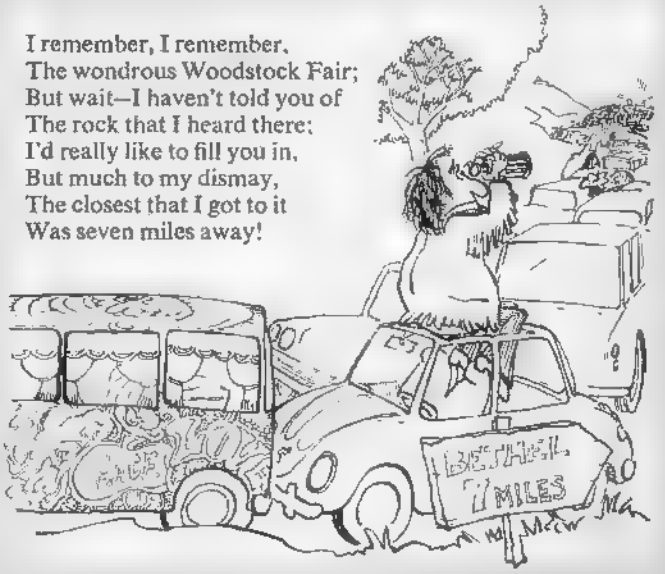
I remember, I remember,
That groovy, swinging scene,
That field of wheat that soon became
An open-air latrine;
And how it warmed our happy hearts
And filled us with good cheer
To know the farmer wouldn't need
To buy manure next year!

I remember, I remember,
That cataclysmic flood
Of rain that tumbled from the sky
And turned the Fair to mud,
And how the crowd threw off its clothes
And mingled in the bare,
Until the place looked something like
The final scene of "Hair!"

I remember, I remember,
The way my nights were spent;
The pleasure when I bedded down
Inside my little tent;
And how I found, on waking up,
That all men were my brothers;
That I'd been joined throughout the night
By forty-seven others!



I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
But wait—I haven't told you of
The rock that I heard there;
I'd really like to fill you in,
But much to my dismay,
The closest that I got to it
Was seven miles away!



ECCHTOPLASM DEPT.

Do you believe in ghosts? No?! Then you won't believe this television show! In fact, even if you DO believe in ghosts, you won't believe this television show! It's about a young widow who rents a cottage that's haunted by the ghost of a dead Sea Captain. The widow sees the ghost . . . but the Maid doesn't. One of the Widow's two Children sees the ghost . . . but the other doesn't. The dead Sea Captain's Nephew sees the ghost . . . but any visitor doesn't. The Television Audience sees the ghost . . . but—Hey! Wake up! We're talking to you! We want to tell you more about just how badly

"THE GHOST AND THE MRS." MISSES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

There you go again, Captain! Do you want to go all through life with a chip on your shoulder?

Who's got a life??

Well, do you want to go all through DEATH with a chip on your shoulder?!

Did you say something, Mrs. Demure?

Yes, I said it's sunny out today!

You seem to say that an awful lot! It's very strange!

Why is it very strange, Martyr?

Because you say it even when it's raining!

Well, Captain—are you just going to sit there . . . or are you going to help wash the dishes?!

The Captain is very much like my dear departed husband! When there was work to do, HE disappeared, too!

Did you say something, Mrs. Demure?

YES, I SAID IT'S SUNNY OUT TODAY!

PING!

Hello! We were driving down this lonely Maine road and we couldn't help noticing your charming cottage with all its flowers and shrubs and cables and lights and cameras . . .

Would the place be for sale by any chance?

Well, we just rent it for a season at a time—depending on the ratings!

GALL COTT

But if you're interested in buying it, you should contact the dead Captain's living but hated nephew, Claymorgue Grogg .

Oh, my gosh! Thunder and lightning! That's unusual!

Really? What's unusual about thunder and lightning?!

Coming from INSIDE ■ house?!

CRASH!

BOOM!

Now, look, Captain! Knock it off already! People don't stand a ghost of a chance of having an intelligent conversation with you making that racket!

Er—did you say something?

Yes, I said it's sunny out today!

Oh? Uh—yes! It SOUNDED just like that was what you said!

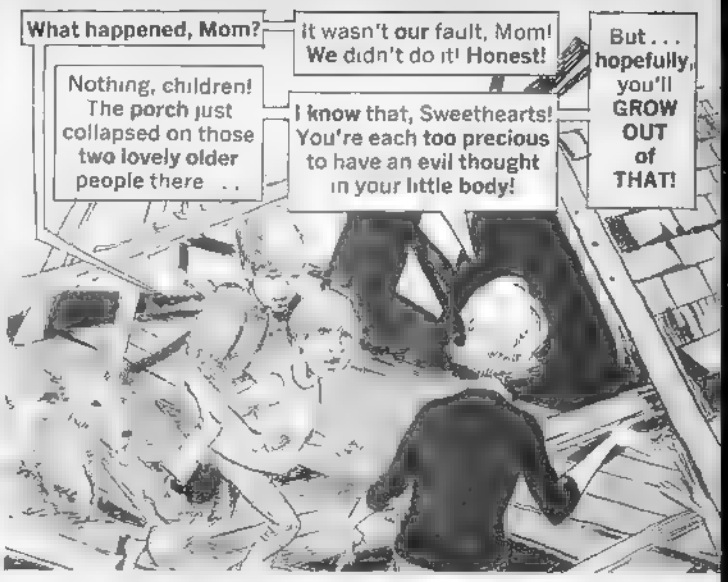
By the way, when you meet Claymorgue, don't be too surprised if he acts a little strange!

Well, we all can't be as sane as you! Er—let's get out of here, Harold . . .

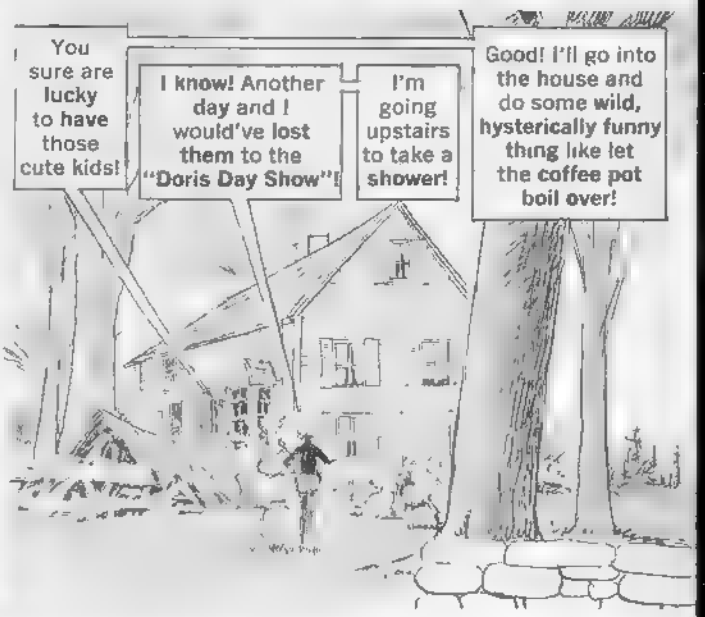
I sure hope the place is for sale! It certainly is well-built . . .

CRASH

Oh, Captain! Not another one of your lovable little tricks!
So far, you've done about a million dollars in property damage . . .
. . . and seriously injured about thirty-six people!


What happened, Mom?
It wasn't our fault, Mom! We didn't do it! Honest!
But . . . hopefully, you'll GROW OUT of THAT!
Nothing, children! The porch just collapsed on those two lovely older people there . .
I know that, Sweethearts! You're each too precious to have an evil thought in your little body!

Now get ready for school, you two!
Are you going to be fresh and talk back to your Mother?!
We're sorry, Mom! If we're good, can we stay home from school on Sunday?
We'll see! Now, run along!
But, Mom . . . it's SATURDAY!


You sure are lucky to have those cute kids!
I know! Another day and I would've lost them to the "Doris Day Show"!
I'm going upstairs to take a shower!
Good! I'll go into the house and do some wild, hysterically funny thing like let the coffee pot boil over!

Dum-de-dum! La-de-dah! It's wash-up time . . . Dum-de-dum!
CAPTAIN!! What do you think you're doing!?!
I'm performing a Civic Duty, my dear! I'm saving water by showering with a friend!
PING!
Captain! You are a dirty old man!
Correct! And what better place for a dirty old man than in a shower!?
Get out of here this minute . . . or I'll SCREAM!!!
Okay! Wash your own back!
PING!

Hello . . . ?
Speaking . . .
I have a collect call for a Mrs. Demure . . .
Will you accept the charges?
Yes, I will!
Mrs. Demure, this is Claymorgue Grogg . . .
Scooter Bay . . .
Where are you calling from that you reversed the charges, Claymorgue?
Scooter Bay!? That's a local call! How cheap can you get?!
I'll tell you how cheap! I'm calling you from upstairs!
But there's no phone upstairs!
There is now! I converted the hall closet into a Pay Phone! From now on, you'll be paying ten cents a call, and I'll be splitting it with the Telephone Company!
PING!
Stay right there, Mrs. Demure! I'm coming down to talk to you!
CLICK!
What is that cheap, chicken-livered shark doing in this house!? If he comes down here, I swear I'll run him through with a typhoon!
That's HARPOON . . . and I'm sure that down deep, Captain, you have a certain affection for your nephew, Claymorgue!
Affection!! I'd love to strangle him!
See? You used the word "love"! You really DO care!
Women!! How I hate women! When I was a Captain, I had a hundred men under me . . .
And I enjoyed every minute of it!
Maybe that's why you hate women!
Did you say something, Mrs. Demure? Wait! I know! Don't tell me!
Let me take a guess . . . a wild, kooky guess out of left field! You were just saying how sunny it is today! Right?!
How did you know?
A little birdie told me!
So you have things talking to you, TOO!
"TOO!"? What do you mean by "TOO!"?
Oh, nothing, Martyr, dear! Just—just go about your work and leave me and the Captain—er—I mean, me and MYSELF alone so we can talk!
PING!
Hmmm! I was going to watch "Dark Shadows" on television—but I think I'm living it!
The Captain isn't around, is he, Mrs. Demure? Not that I'm afraid of him! I mean—terrified isn't the same as afraid, is it?
Why do you feel the Captain hates you, Claymorgue? Maybe it's just something that you've built up in your head!

CRASH!

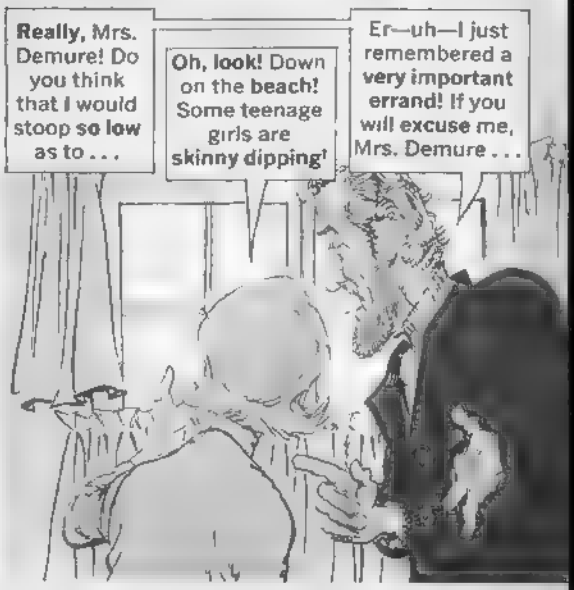
Do you think THAT'S in my head?!
No! But if you'd been standing a foot to the left, it WOULD have been!

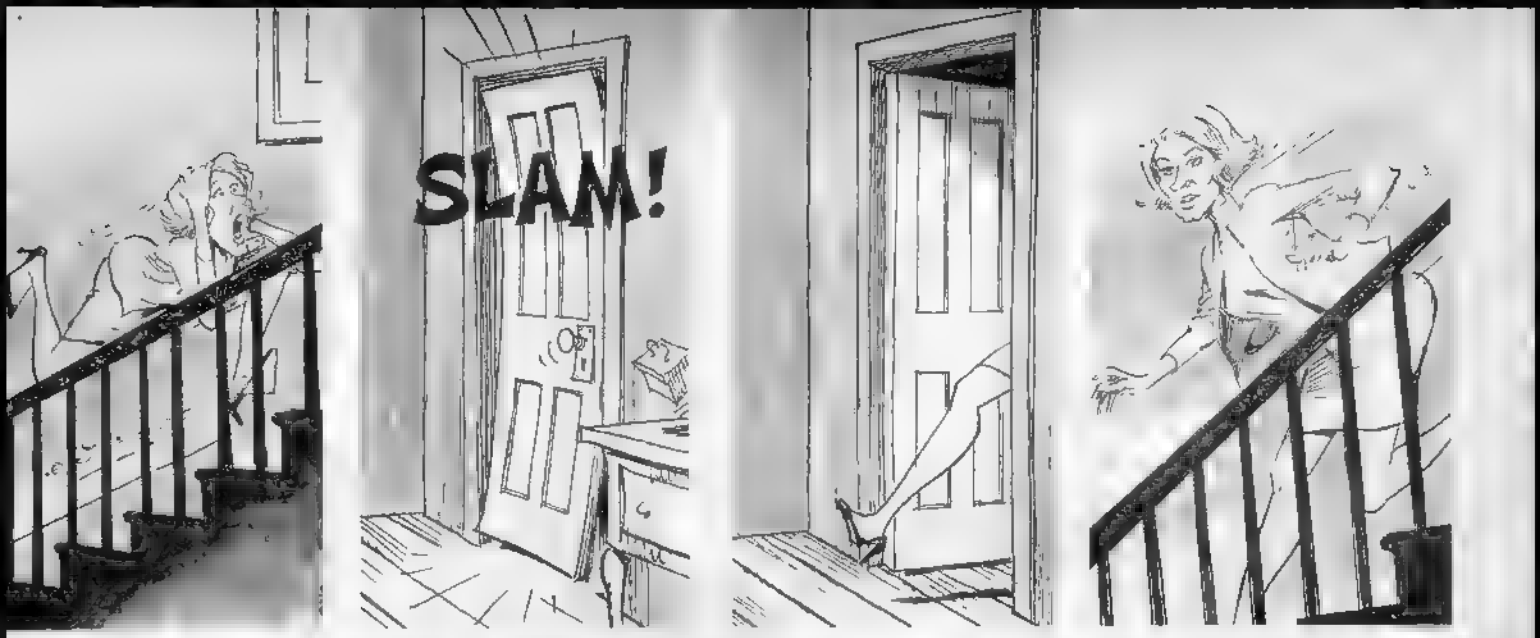
What are you doing with those antiques? If you're thinking of selling them, you'd better change your mind! The Captain will be very angry!
Sell them?! ME?! Never! I'm going to GIVE them away!
And the people I give them to will give ME money!
PING!

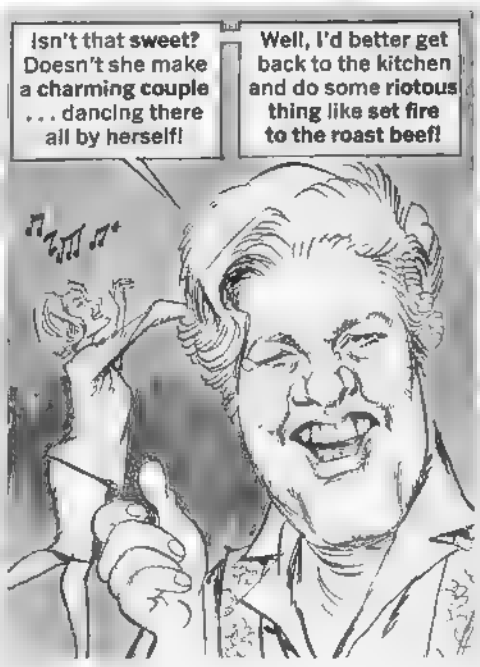
Claymorgue, you put those antiques back or I'll tear and father you!
That's TAR and FEATHER! And now look what you've done! He's fainted!
Why does he pass out every time I appear?
Why?? Maybe it's your breath!

Hey, how do you like MY part so far? I get to sit here week after week with my head cocked to one side like this!
I have a stiff neck you wouldn't BELIEVE!
I'm supposed to look bewildered—like I don't know what's going on! Well, I KNOW what's going on!
But I'd admit it!

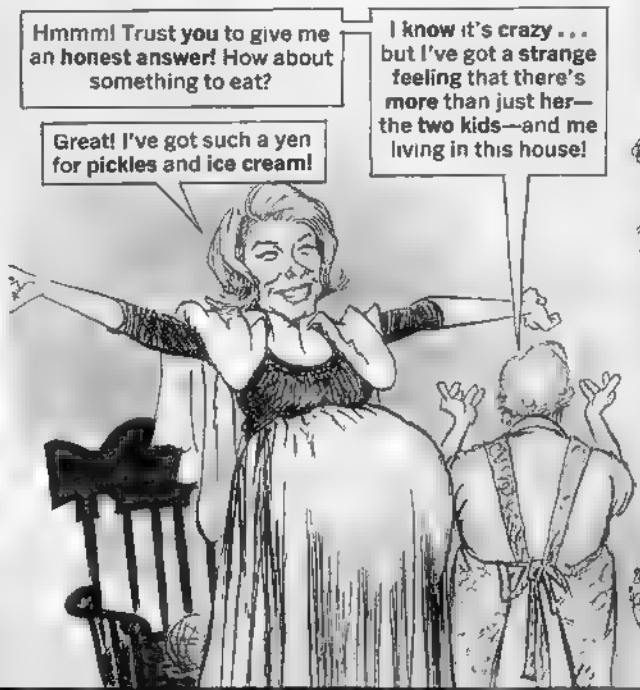
It certainly is a lovely day out! Why don't you go for a walk, Captain?
I'm perfectly comfortable right here!
Why don't you go out to the kitchen and make yourself some coffee?
Are you trying to get rid of me, Mrs. Demure?
Frankly, yes, Captain! I would like very much to use the bathroom—but I won't feel safe about it unless I know you're someplace else!


Really, Mrs. Demure! Do you think that I would stoop so low as to . . .
Oh, look! Down on the beach! Some teenage girls are skinny dipping!
Er—uh—I just remembered a very important errand! If you will excuse me, Mrs. Demure . . .

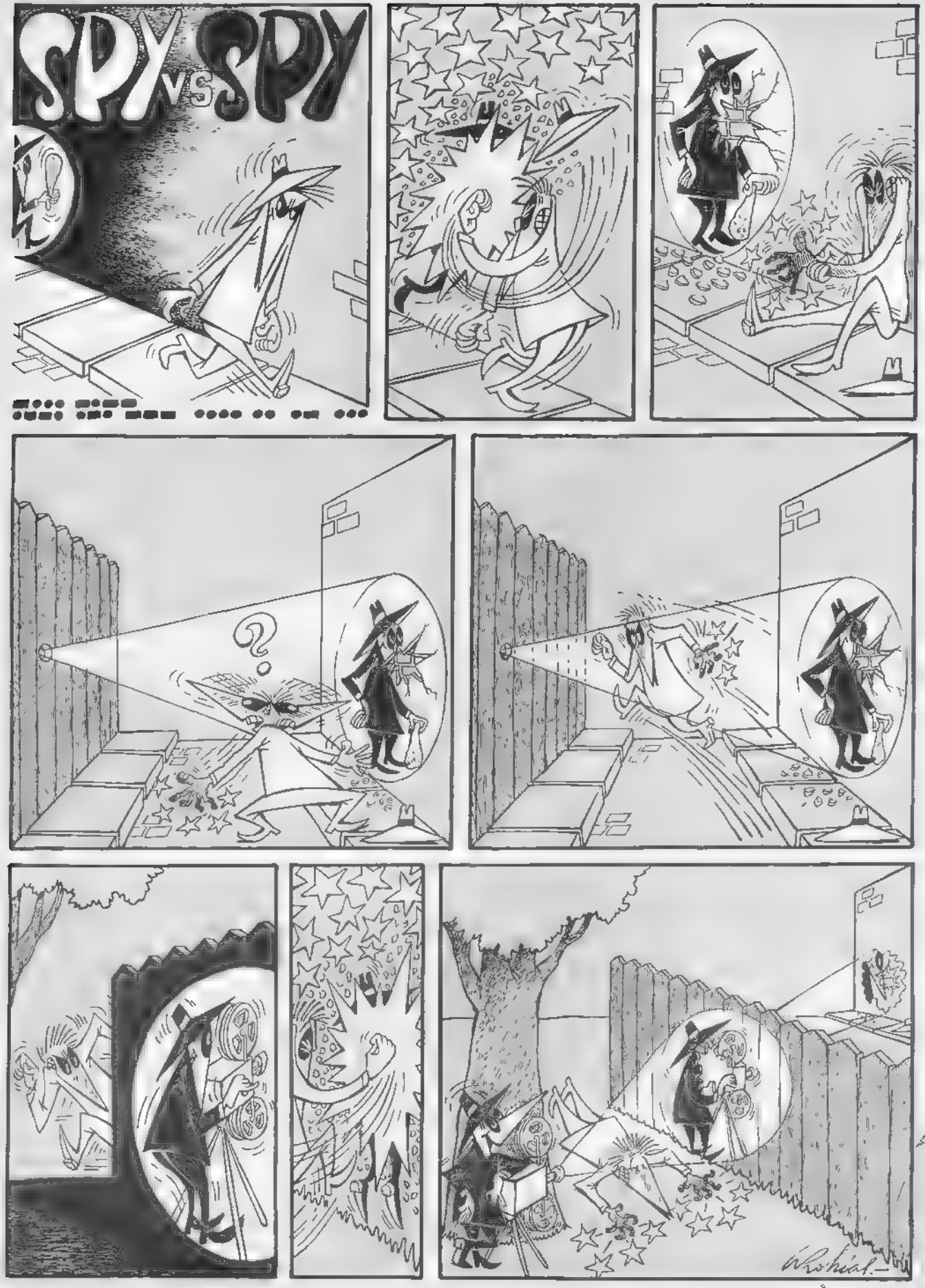




SEVERAL LONG TEDIOUS MONTHS OF THIS KIND OF IDIOCY LATER...



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II



GI'ME GIMMICKS DEPT.

There is only one major bit of unpleasantness connected with birthday celebrations and graduating from school and getting married and like that: Entirely too many friends, relatives and similar idiots need to be reminded that

HINTS FOR SPECIA

Dear Grandma,

Forgive my not writing for the past year or two. I intended to drop you a line when Grandpa passed away, but the months just seem to fly by with no time for much of anything when a person's away at school. In fact, I find it hard to believe that my 21st birthday is almost upon me.

I guess turning 21 has always been considered a big milestone in our family. Dad still carries the gold watch you and Grandpa gave him when he celebrated that important birthday. In this generation, I guess the same thought would be expressed by giving an Accutron wristwatch (PRICED AT ONLY $125 AND UP) to a close relative who's about to be 21.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Your loving grandson and close relative,

Stanley

Memo

From The Desk of C.C. Kravvish

To: All Personnel Dept. Employees

As you know, it was exactly 25 years ago this week that I joined the company. I wish to make it clear that no special tribute to me by the staff marking this important occasion is expected or called for. Please do not feel that a precedent was set last month when employees in the Accounting Dept. honored Walter Clashmark (who has been with us only 20 years) at a formal banquet. Furthermore, do not regard Mr. Clashmark's decision to raise the salaries of those who arranged the affair as more than a possible coincidence. The same holds true for those who did not contribute to the banquet fund and were subsequently transferred to our Saudi Arabia plant. Most certainly, I will continue to try to base my evaluation of individuals solely on merit and will make all efforts possible to overlook such factors as personal devotion, etc., regardless of who may or may not undertake whatever may or may not occur later this week.

C.C.K.

You are Cordially Invited to a

COCKTAIL PARTY

SUNDAY, SEPT. 18

5-9 P.M.

At the Brand New but Inadequately Furnished Home of

BETTY AND SHERMAN NURD

1429 S. SUBURBIA LANE

EXPENSIVE LIQUOR

COSTLY HORS D'OEUVRES

Informal Attire Since This is Only a Small "Housewarming" to be Attended by Very Close Personal Friends of the Host and Hostess

Dear Sis,

Sorry to be so draggy in answering your last letter, but it's been bedlam around here getting everything set for Mortie's Bar Mitzvah a week from next Saturday.

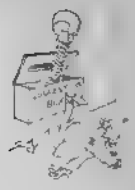
I know you must have gone through the same thing with Irving two years ago when we sent him the 24 karat pen and pencil set. And I'll never forget how Harvey complained that we couldn't afford such a lavish gift that retails for almost $35. But, as you'll recall, I insisted that nothing was too good for my sister's boy.

I guess the two of us inherited our generosity from Mom and Dad who (rest their souls) undoubtedly would be sending Mortie the set of Encyclopedia Britannica he needs so badly now if they were still with us.

Love,

Gertrude

they're supposed to send gifts! Worst of all, etiquette allows us to ask for what we want only if we refrain from actually asking. That's a hard thing to do, but not impossible as MAD demonstrates with these firm but proper . . .



L OCCASION GIFTS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

My darling Herbie,

I hope you didn't notice that I was fighting back the tears during our phone conversation last night but when you said the sales Trip will keep you away from home longer than expected, I realized that this might mean we'll be separated on Valentine's Day, Feb 14.

In a way, it'll be kind of a sentimental coincidence if you're still in Chicago then. Remember when we stopped over there on our honeymoon and window shopped for crazy impractical things like mink stoles? You were just a silly kid promising to buy me the finest one that Lake Shore Furriers (350 N. Michigan Ave.) had to offer, once you hit it big and the firm put you on the road selling.

Well enough of the reminiscences. Glad to hear that you've hit it big on this Trip and sold a Apex a gross or carload or whatever more than expected. I hope the extra commission will help buy that high priced golf cart you keep insisting you need.

Much love
Flo

NOTICE--CO-WORKERS IN SECRETARIAL POOL

Desperately need bassinet, bottle warmer and all other essential items for blessed event expected late next month. Willing to pay as much as I can scrape together despite hardship involved with husband out of work. Call me at home (097-0215) after 6 P.M. Any evening is OK since I'll just be sitting around and have no important social events like Baby Showers scheduled.

Rita Vitsman

Dearest Harold,

How are things in Vietnam? I think about you constantly and can hardly wait to see you in 1971. Mom just hollered upstairs and said to tell you hello. She also hollered up and asked what I want for my birthday which is four weeks from today. I hollered back that a rack (anyone) an embroidered genuine silk robe or anything in Twenty-ivory would be lovely. She hollered back that no store here in Muncie sells those things and a person probably would have to shop on the black market in Saigon to find out what I really want. Ha-Ha.

All I wish is I have a date to pass times with George Dorothy

Yours for always,
Selma

Dear Uncle Ergin and Aunt Mildred,

How are you? I am fine and learning many new things in school. Like did you know the kids have a regular graduation and get presents and everything at the end of the sixth grade cause I'm going into junior high school? I just learned that, too.

In 2 weeks I will end the sixth grade. I already got a swell tranzisser radio from Uncle Harold and Aunt Wanda for my graduation. I don't know what else I'll get. Probly nothing cause most people don't even know you supposed to give presents to kids when they end the sixth grade.

Luv,
Wilmot

DEFAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE DEPT.

For all you clods who just can't wait to fly the coop and make it on your own, MAD

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you finally have a groovy pad all to yourself, and there's nobody to wait up and let you into it when you forget your key

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . Mom no longer throws out your valuable papers when she tidies up your room . . . but you still can't find them because Mom no longer tidies up your room.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you have to spend the night sitting in the bus station because there's a mouse in your room.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you skip past "Record Players" in the trading stamp catalogue to see how many books you need for a Carpet Sweeper.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you're free to hang on the phone for hours, talking to girls . . . only now you can't afford a telephone.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . there's no one to tell you what time you have to get home from a date, and no one to call when you can't get home at all.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you don't have to worry about being asked to show your I.D. card any more, mostly because you can never afford to go into places where you need one.

tells you what it's like. Mainly . . .

ON YOUR OWN When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITERS: TOM KOCH
& GLORIA L. RICH

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you use a marking pen for an eyeliner.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . there's no one to laugh at your desire to become an actress.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . the closest you can come to an old fashioned family Christmas is inviting the Janitor in for a can of beer.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you awaken in the middle of the night with a mysterious pain and you realize that you're 985 miles away from your family doctor.

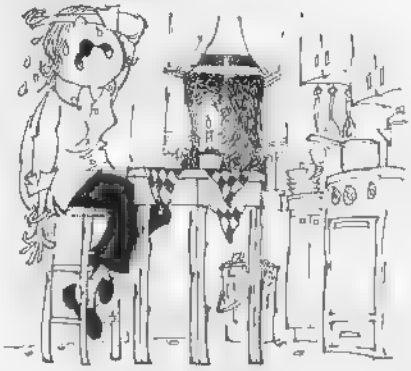
You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

. . . you visit your parents . . . and your old dog barks at you.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

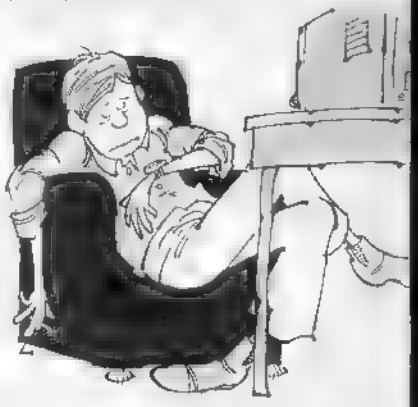
. . . you pile your dirty laundry on the bed in the morning, and it's still there when you come back that night.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



. . . you celebrate your birthday by sticking a lighted candle in a stale cupcake . . . and having a good cry.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



. . . you can stay up as late as you want to . . . but you don't want to.

CREDIT RAIDING DEPT.

Have you noticed how, after each successful space mission, more and more companies are running ads claiming credit for their vital contribution to the effort? Well, lately, we've noticed that it's getting a little ridiculous! Sure, manufacturers who are directly responsible for the success of a mission (like those who build component parts

ADS WE CAN LO

We are happy to have supplied the essential components that made it possible for our heroic astronauts to work side by side for an extended period in the cramped quarters of their Apollo space capsule and lunar landing module

THE

Bristol-Myers Company

makers of

BAN DEODORANT

THE OFFICIAL DEODORANT OF THE APOLLO SPACE MISSIONS

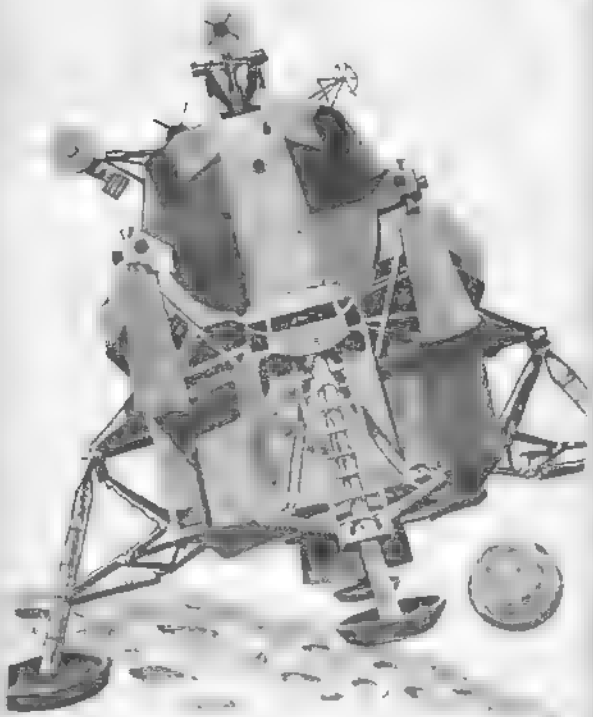
for the capsules, landing modules and rocket engines) can be justifiably proud. But when a company runs a full page newspaper ad saying how proud it is to have supplied the mattresses for the bunks on the recovery ship, that's going a bit too far! And if we know American Industry, it won't stop there! So here are some MAD predictions of

OK FOR ...AFTER THE NEXT SUCCESSFUL SPACE MISSION

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Congratulations, NASA!

Once again, everything was right on the nose!



and mission after mission our great product has always been right on the nose, too!

KLEENEX CORPORATION

A Division of Kimberly-Clark, Inc.

IT WAS AN HONOR TO HAVE HELPED SO MANY DEVOTED MEN AT MISSION CONTROL KEEP THEIR SYSTEMS "GO"!

WE are proud to be part of that elite team of companies like Eastman Kodak, Carl Zeiss, Westinghouse, Hasselblad and other precision optical manufacturers who were responsible for bringing you the finest, clearest, most dramatic pictures of any space mission to date!

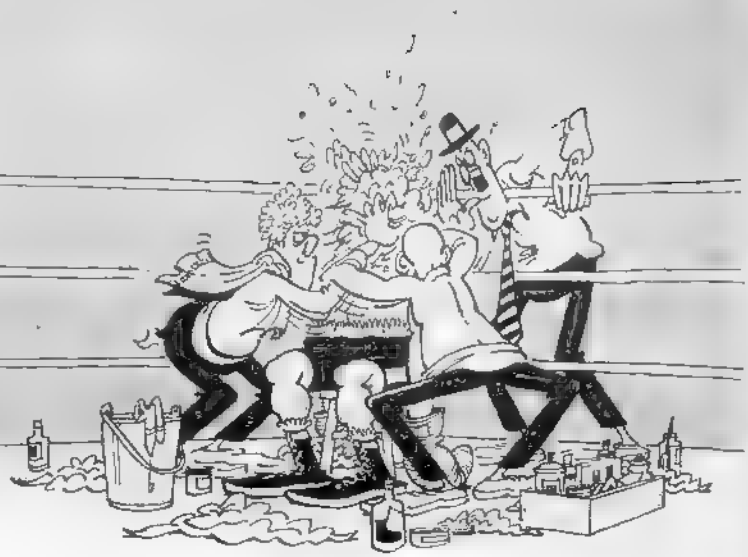
FINSTER
LENS TISSUE
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM THE FINSTER PAPER CO.

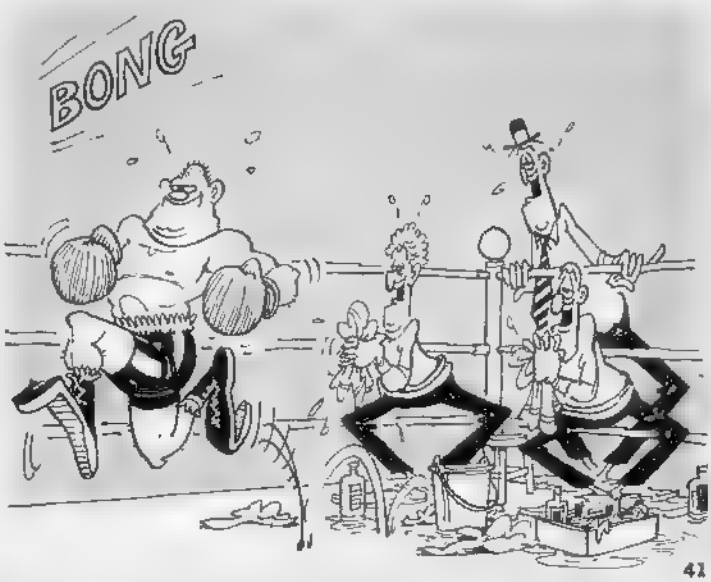
Congratulations Apollo Astronauts!

We are proud to have been responsible for solving one of the most critical of your many "Lift Off" problems!

FLEETS
EAR PLUGS
a product of
FLEETS SWIM PRODUCTS INC.

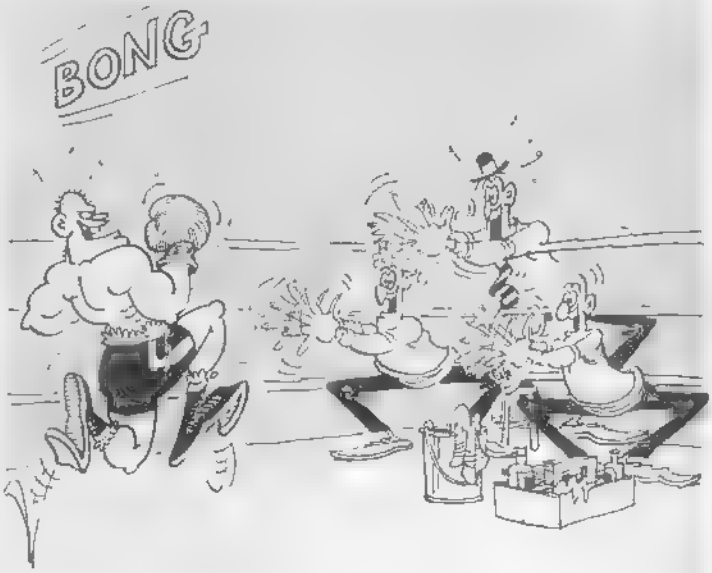
ONE NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS





BONG

BONG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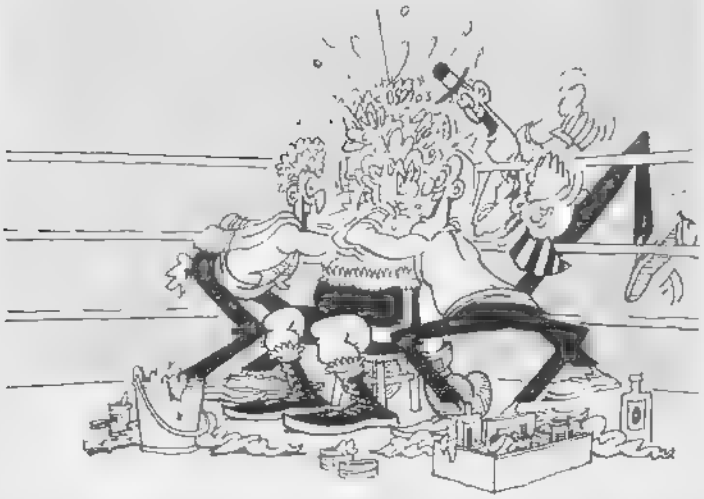
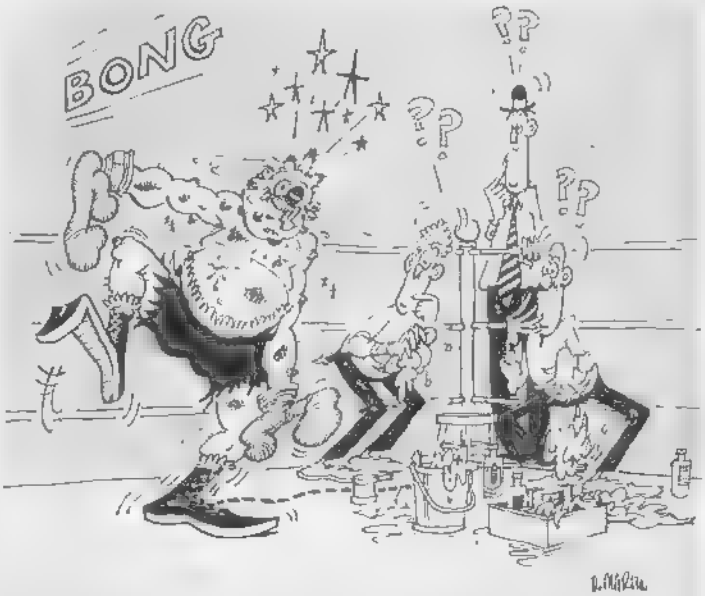
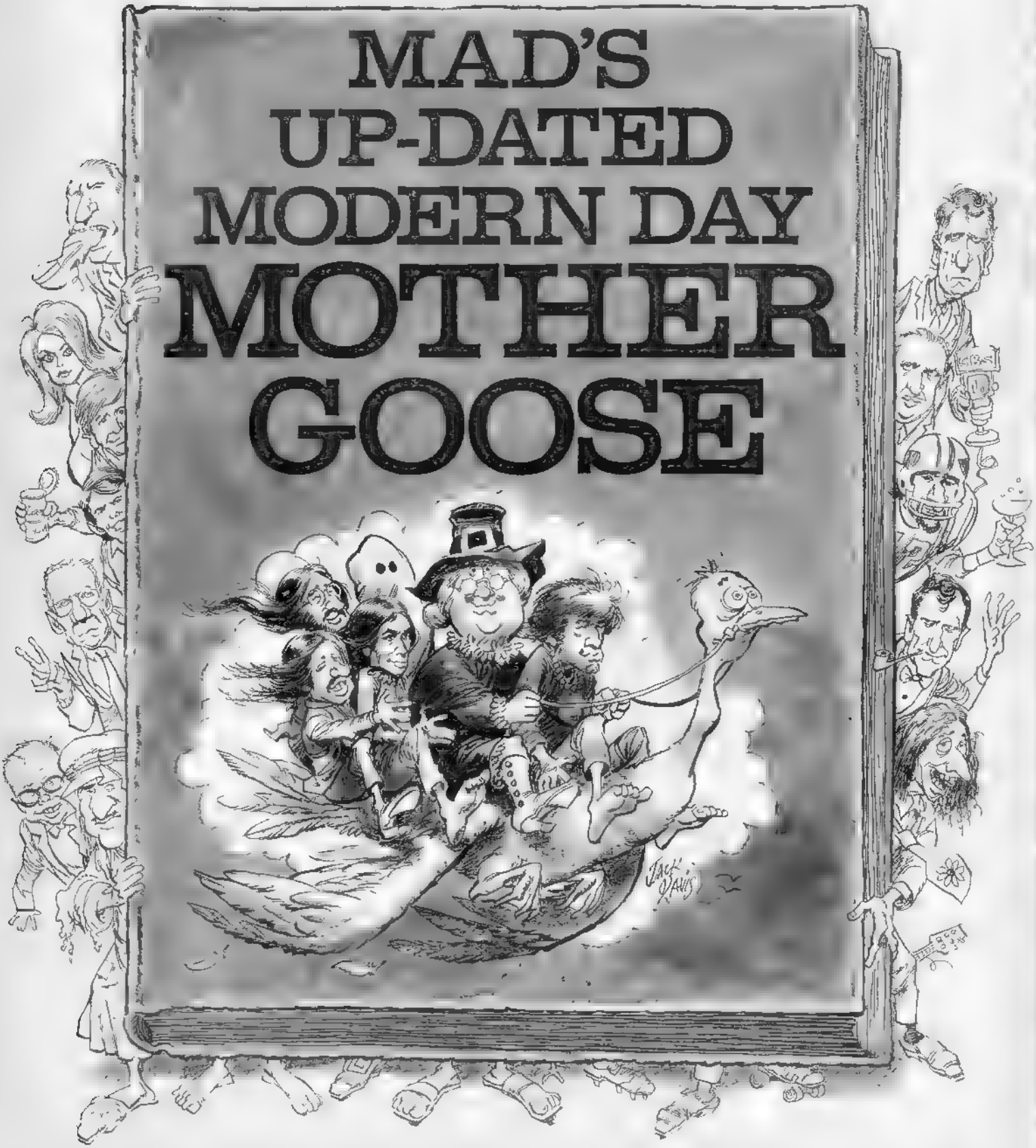


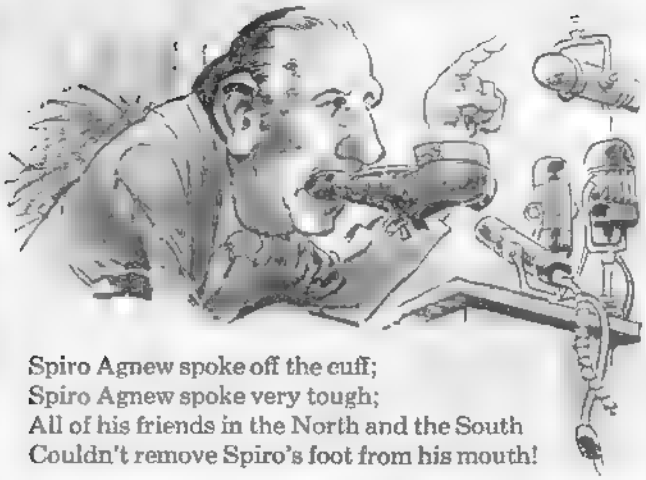

BONG

Let's face it. Mother Goose is out of date. Like what five-year-old really cares about Mary and her little lamb, or if Jack Horner really sat in a corner? Kids today are sharp, hip, forward-looking. They want to know about the Big Names of the Present. Let us, then, dedicate ourselves to the education of the Romper Set as we present



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Spiro Agnew



Spiro Agnew spoke off the cuff;
Spiro Agnew spoke very tough;
All of his friends in the North and the South
Couldn't remove Spiro's foot from his mouth!

Hefner Had A Magazine

Hefner had a magazine,
  Which first shocked many folks
With color spreads of half-nude girls
  And sort-of-dirty jokes;

But now we're bombed with raunchy filth
  And pornographic swill,
Which makes poor Hefner's magazine
  Seem more like "Jack and Jill"!

Broadway Joe And Pete Rozelle

Broadway Joe and Pete Rozelle
  Resolved to have a scrimmage,
For Pete Rozelle said Broadway Joe
  Was spoiling football's image;

Although they had an awful fight
  And very nearly parted,
You'll notice that they patched things up
  Before the season started!

Pat-A-Cake, Pat-A-Cake, Tiny Tim

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Tiny Tim—
  Are you a her, or are you a him?
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, we won't guess,
  Because, Tiny Tim, we couldn't care less!

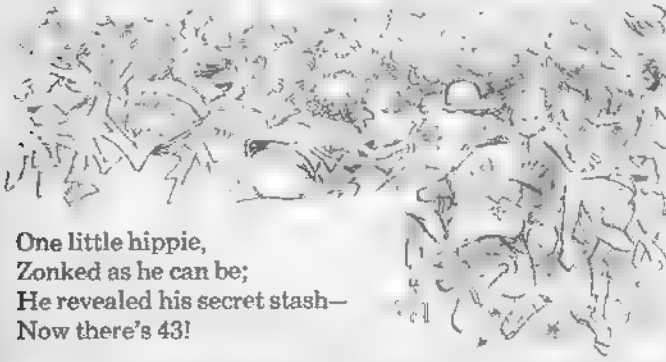
Five Little Hippies

Five little hippies,
Looking for a score;
One smoked some rotten hash—
Now there's only four;

Four little hippies,
Freaked-out on a spree;
One went Establishment—
Now there's only three;

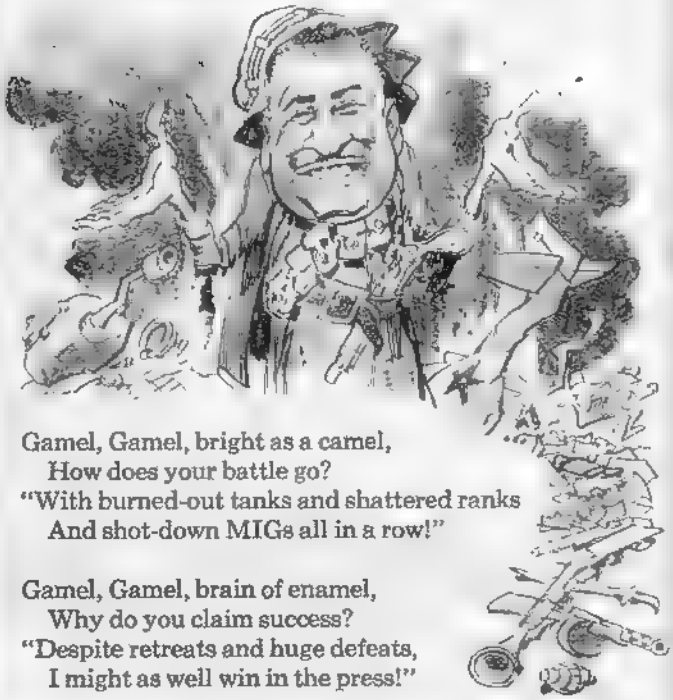
Three little hippies,
Smelling like a zoo;
One copped some Dial Soap—
Now there's only two;

Two little hippies,
Broke and on the run;
One met a Daley cop—
Now there's only one;



One little hippie,
Zonked as he can be;
He revealed his secret stash—
Now there's 43!

Gamel, Gamel, Bright As A Camel



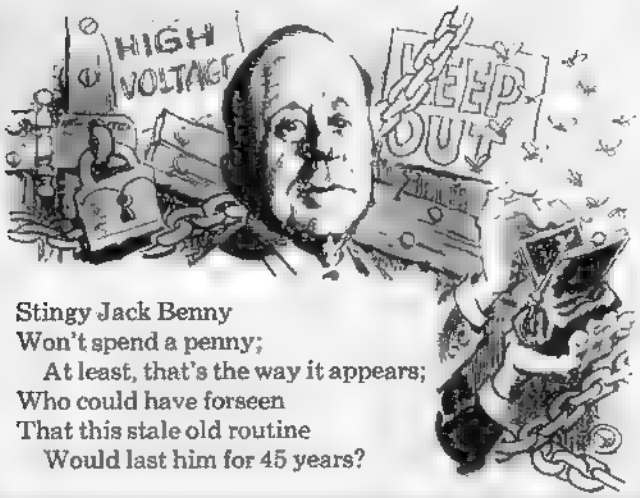
Gamel, Gamel, bright as a camel,
How does your battle go?
"With burned-out tanks and shattered ranks
And shot-down MIGs all in a row!"

Gamel, Gamel, brain of enamel,
Why do you claim success?
"Despite retreats and huge defeats,
I might as well win in the press!"

Ringo, Paul, George & John

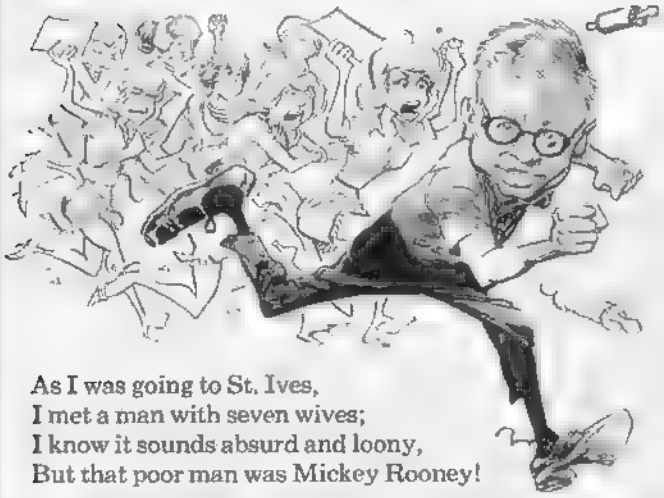
Ringo, Paul, George and John
Played a trick and put us on;
Dropped hints Paul was dead as nails—
And rocketed their record sales!

Stingy Jack Benny



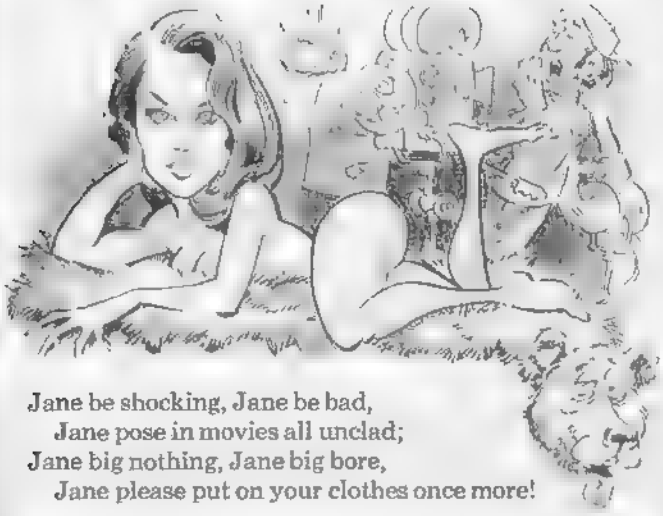
Stingy Jack Benny
Won't spend a penny;
At least, that's the way it appears;
Who could have forseen
That this stale old routine
Would last him for 45 years?

As I Was Going To St. Ives



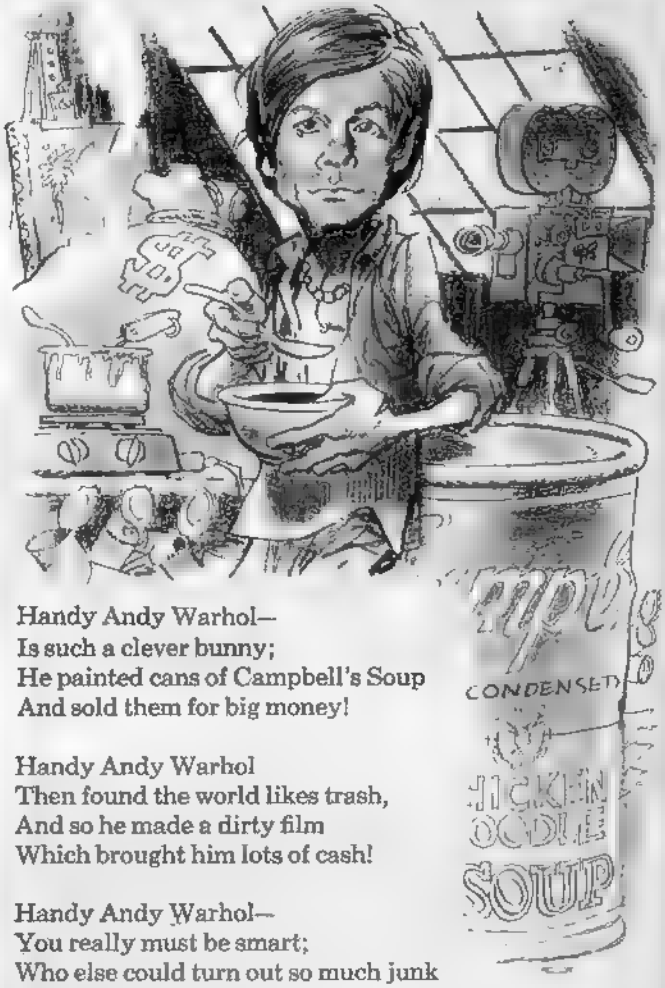
As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
I know it sounds absurd and loony,
But that poor man was Mickey Rooney!

Jane Be Naughty, Jane Be Bad



Jane be shocking, Jane be bad,
Jane pose in movies all unclad;
Jane big nothing, Jane big bore,
Jane please put on your clothes once more!

Handy Andy Warhol

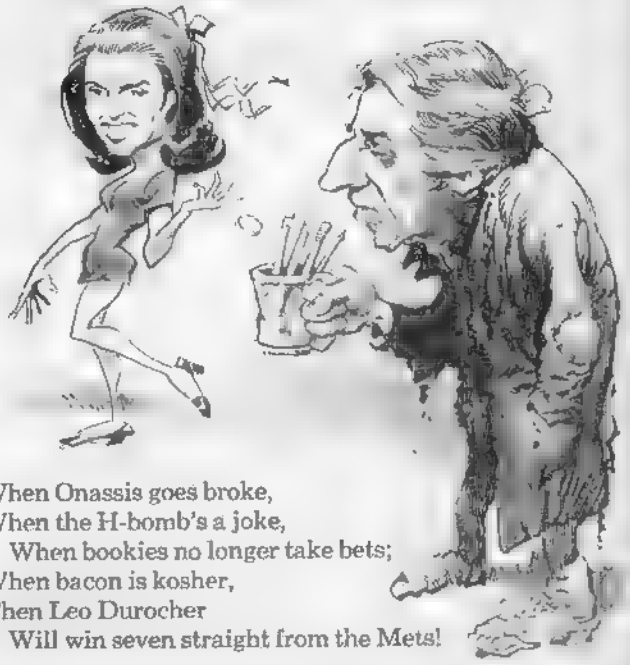


Handy Andy Warhol—
Is such a clever bunny;
He painted cans of Campbell's Soup
And sold them for big money!

Handy Andy Warhol
Then found the world likes trash,
And so he made a dirty film
Which brought him lots of cash!

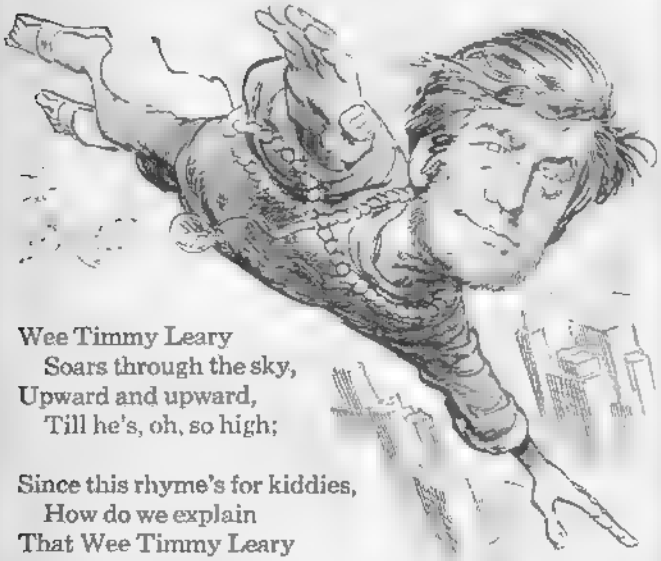
Handy Andy Warhol—
You really must be smart;
Who else could turn out so much junk
And have it hailed as "art"!

When Onassis Goes Broke



When Onassis goes broke,
When the H-bomb's a joke,
When bookies no longer take bets;
When bacon is kosher,
Then Leo Durocher
Will win seven straight from the Mets!

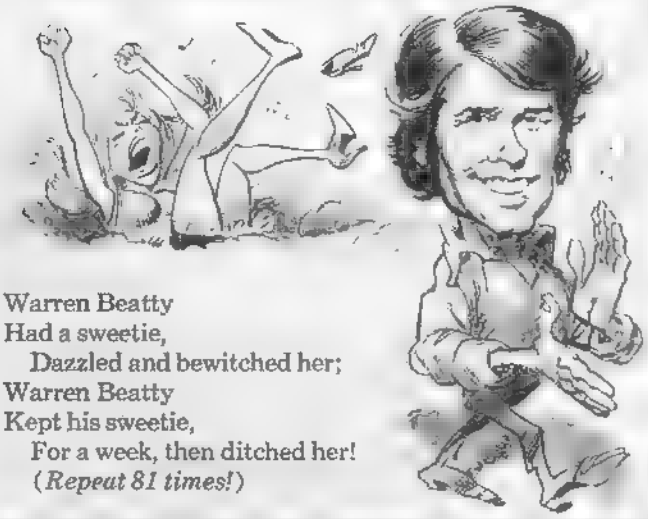
Wee Timmy Leary



Wee Timmy Leary
Soars through the sky,
Upward and upward,
Till he's, oh, so high;

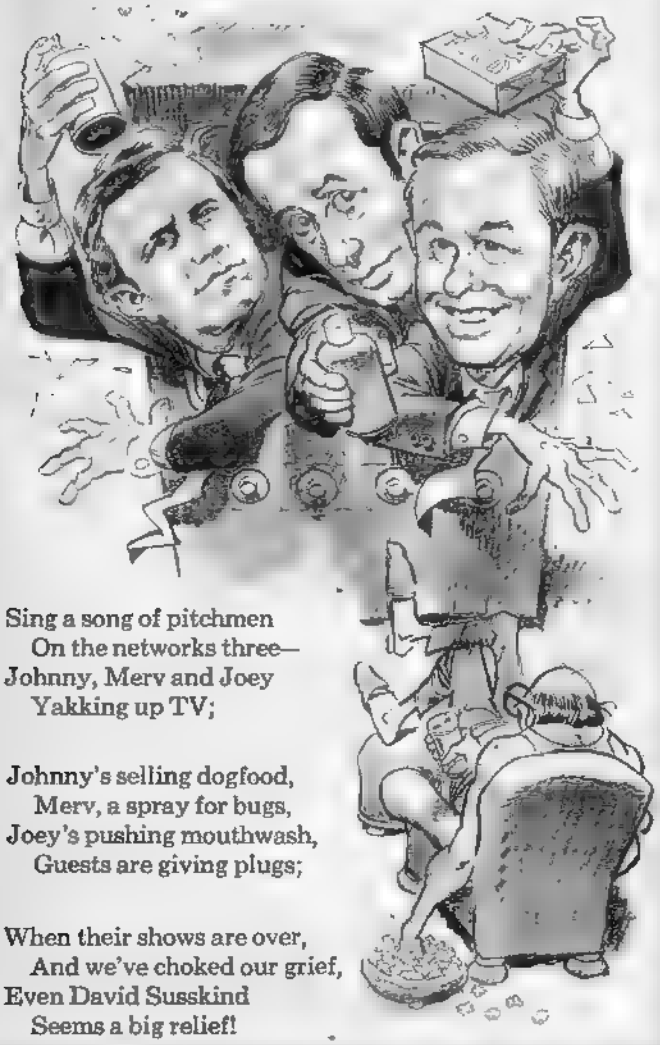
Since this rhyme's for kiddies,
How do we explain
That Wee Timmy Leary
Isn't in a plane?

Warren Beatty Had A Sweetie



Warren Beatty
Had a sweetie,
Dazzled and bewitched her;
Warren Beatty
Kept his sweetie,
For a week, then ditched her!
(*Repeat 81 times!*)

Sing A Song Of Pitchmen

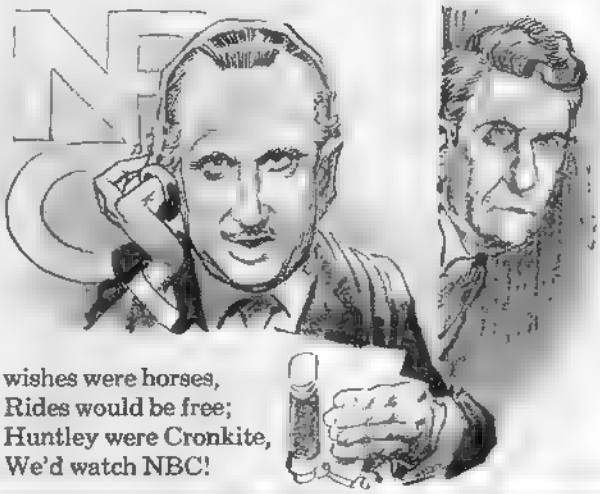


Sing a song of pitchmen
On the networks three—
Johnny, Merv and Joey
Yakking up TV;

Johnny's selling dogfood,
Merv, a spray for bugs,
Joey's pushing mouthwash,
Guests are giving plugs;

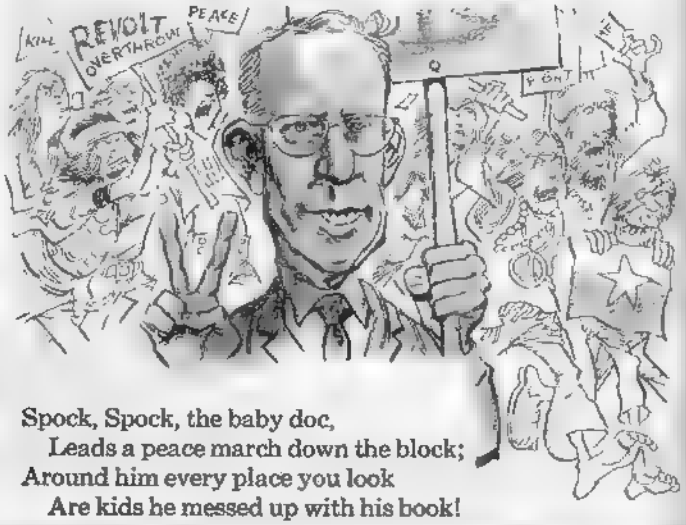
When their shows are over,
And we've choked our grief,
Even David Susskind
Seems a big relief!

If Wishes Were Horses



If wishes were horses,
Rides would be free;
If Huntley were Cronkite,
We'd watch NBC!

Spock, Spock, The Baby Doc



Spock, Spock, the baby doc,
Leads a peace march down the block;
Around him every place you look
Are kids he messed up with his book!

AL JAFFEE IS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS

...MAINLY HIS OLD DIRTY TRICKS!

Yep, under the guise of a "Magic Book", this master of sleight of mind has produced another humor hoax, surpassing even his first devious deception, "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions"!

"THE MAD BOOK OF MAGIC"

Get Your Copy Today! It's Jam-Packed With

POINTLESS PRESTIDIGITATIONS
MORONIC MYSTICISMS
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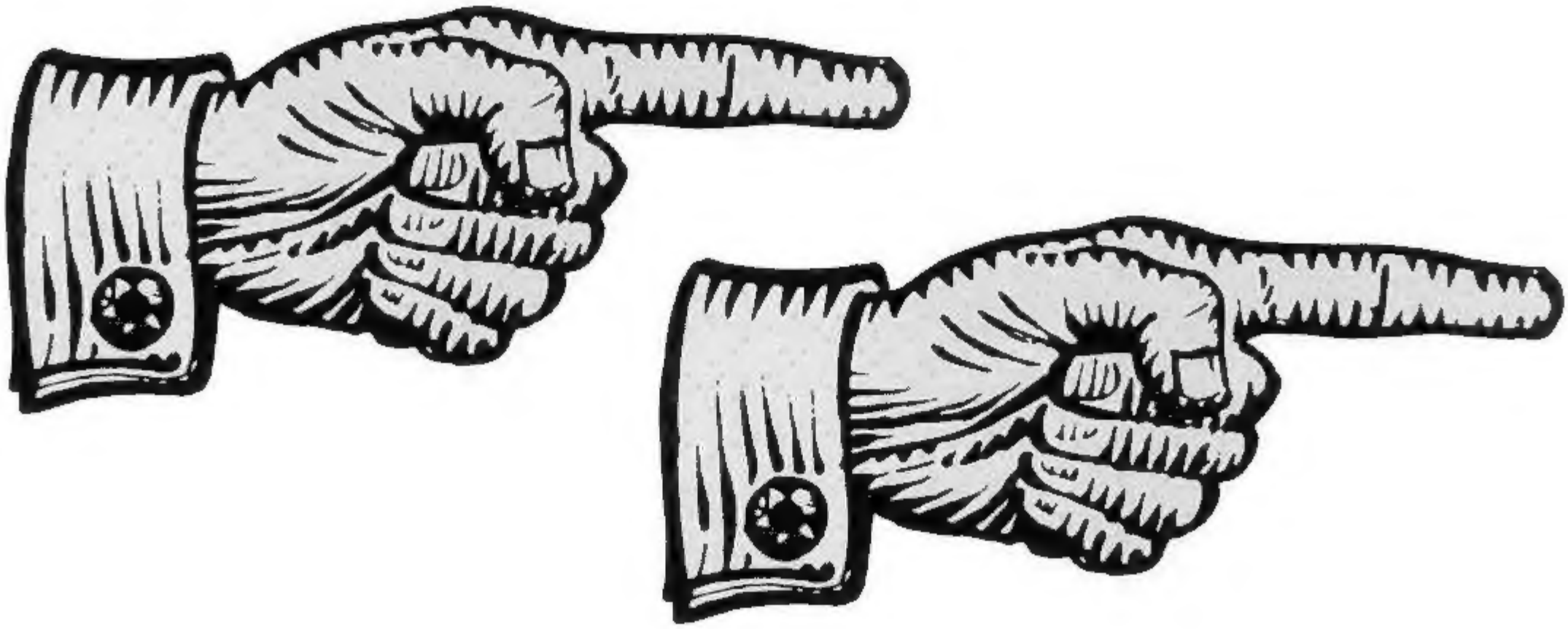

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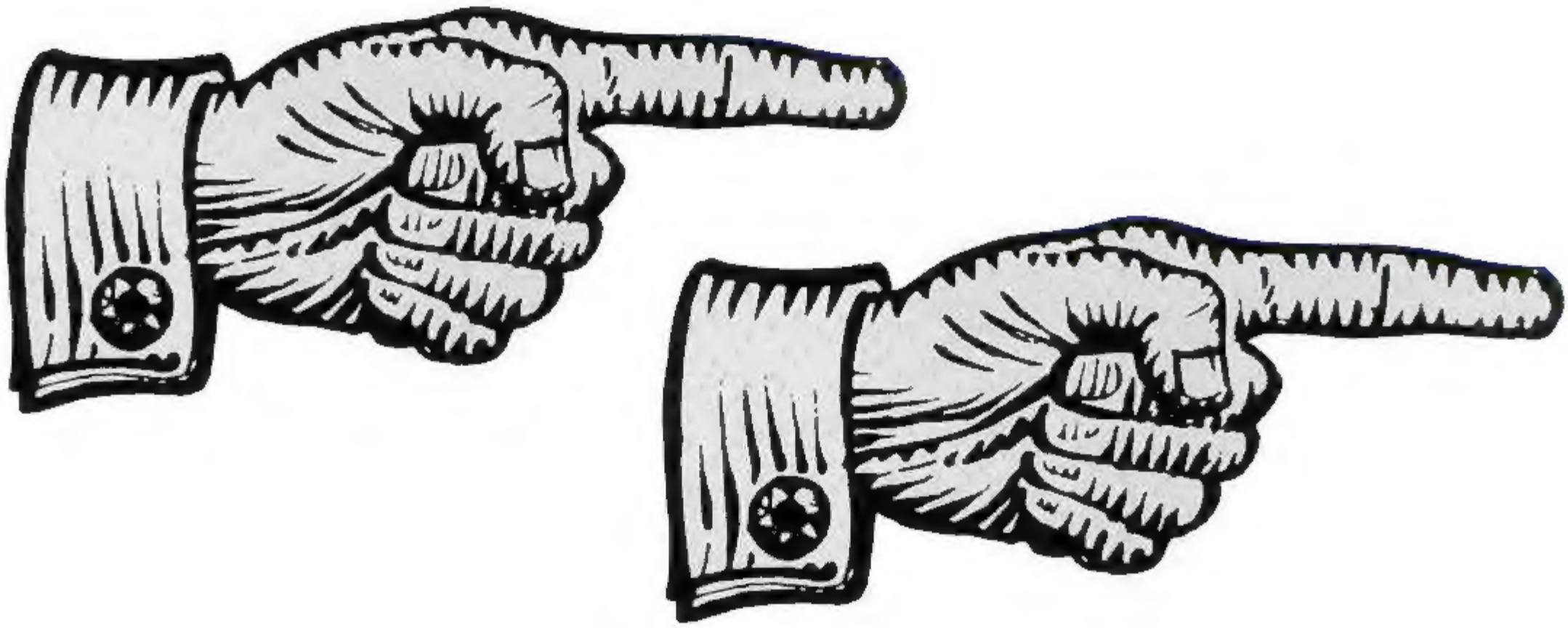

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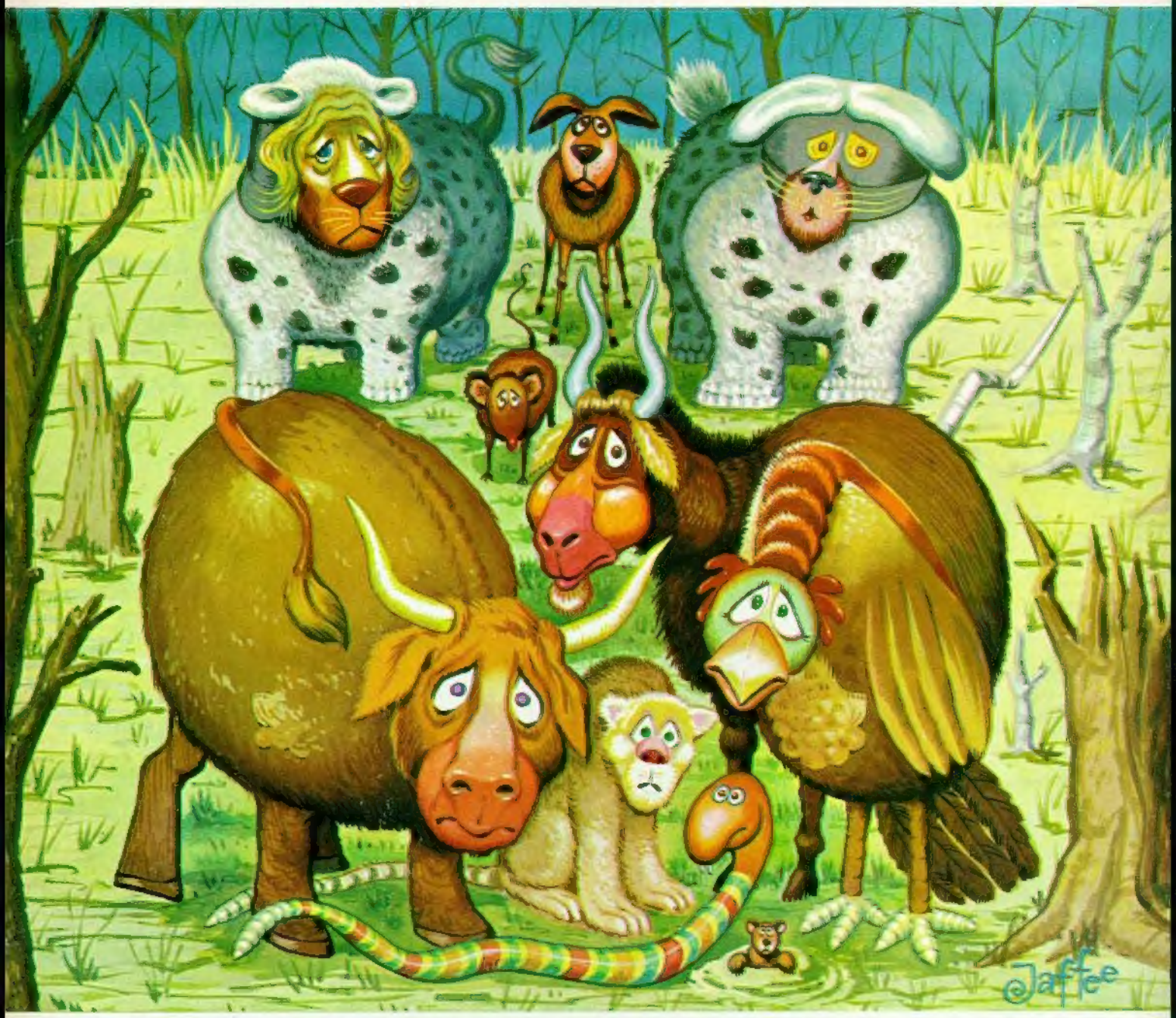

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE ALL THROUGH THE U.S.A. DEPLORE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF ANIMAL LIFE. BUT IF EVER HAVOC BEFELL THIS HATED PEST, THEY WOULDN'T SQUAWK

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT OFFENSIVE ANIMAL WOULD MANY AMERICANS LIKE TO SEE BECOME EXTINCT?

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THE WAR HAWK

A ⋈ B

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